

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## COLONIAL SYSTEM OF GREAT BRITAIN.

CLASSICAL scholars profess to find in the history of the Greek and Roman republics a precedent or parallel for almost every political phenomenon presented by the modern world. In other words, they assert that we have, ever since the middle ages, been steadily engaged in repeating processes which were made with vastly greater success and dexterity three thousand years ago at Athens and Rome. The Greek *polloi* were the prototype of all democracies; the Roman patricians, of all oligarchies; the Cæsars, of all despots. The career of the Italian republics was strange and glorious, but it was nothing new; they ran the race of Attica and of Corinth. The Venetian nobles, like those of France and Germany, once played a great part in public affairs, but, like those of the imperial city, they at last degenerated into ornaments of a dictator's court. And so on. Montaigne solved nearly every political and social problem of his time by illustrations drawn from Plutarch or Tacitus. Most of the soundest and ablest of Montesquieu's remarks on the science of government in modern times, are based on materials derived from the same sources. Great as has been the labor and research applied to politics in later days, and striking and original as have been their results, they have not enabled some of the ablest writers of this century to dispense with the experience of the ancients. The follies and absurdities of the Athenian mob supplied the pious and learned Arnold with a vast number of his gloomiest forebodings, as his liveliest hopes with regard to the condition and prospects of the English nation. Whately finds the explanation of a large number of British 'tendencies' and 'anomalies' in Aristotle. A great deal of this is no doubt due to the study of the Greek and Roman classics which forms so large a part of modern education, and above all, of the education of Englishmen; but a great deal more is based on the undeniable facts of the case. There is unquestionably a tolerably fixed and constant parallelism between the political phenomena of ancient and modern states.

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Human nature in all ages remains much the same. Its passions and its weaknesses undergo little modification; and when individuals change so little, it is by no means marvellous that political bodies should exhibit — A.D. 2000 — very much the same tendencies and the same phenomena which they exhibited 2000 years B.C. Possibly Hindostan and Egypt and Assyria had gone through the various ordeals through which Greece and Rome passed to arrive under the sway of the eastern and western Cæsars, long before Solon or Lyceurgus made their appearance; and probably we have been for the last eighteen hundred years repeating, and are now repeating even more closely than we imagine, the experiments in search of political perfection, which the ancient world made in vain. We know what desperate efforts to manage their own affairs properly, the Greeks made before they surrendered the reins to Philip, and the Romans before they accepted the sway of the Cæsars; but who can tell how many struggles the Egyptians or Assyrians may have undergone in behalf of vote by ballot, universal suffrage; how many desperate attempts they may have made to preserve trial by jury for their thieves and swindlers; and how many vain efforts they may have made to exclude non-naturalized Irishmen from the polls, before they surrendered in despair to the first Cheops and Sennacherib?

There is one form of political organization in modern times which, so far as we know, is entirely modern, and that is, 'constitutional monarchy.' The ancients had various other combinations of the three elements, of one or more of which every government must be composed; but as far as history gives any information on the subject, they never lighted on this one. They had oligarchies tempered by riot, despotisms tempered by assassination, but they never had a monarchy aided and restrained by a deliberative body elected by the people. This, moreover, is a purely Anglo-Saxon invention, or perhaps we should speak more correctly if we said Anglo-Saxon accident. It happened rather than was devised for the first time in England, and has been transferred, with a few modifications, to America; for the President is in reality a constitutional monarch, who abdicates every four years. There is still another incident of Anglo-Saxon polity, which, though not possessing the same claims to originality, (for the credit of having first tried it belongs to Greece,) has, nevertheless, a strong modern character. Ancient Greece sent out colonies, and though she never infused into her offspring the tremendous vigor and expansive power which have characterized some of those of modern times, her colonization was, considering the size and resources of the mother country, nevertheless better organized and more carefully conducted than any which has been witnessed in our era. Its aims were nobler, and the colonists better men than ours. There were few

places, placed by the rude navigation of those days within easy reach of the Peloponnesus, which did not receive a shoot from the parent stock. The Ionians, Æolians, and Dorians were planted in Asia Minor. Settlements less famed in history, but fully as prosperous, were made along the shores of the Euxine, and on the coasts of Italy and Africa, in Sicily, and in Provence, and there were few of them which did not rapidly outstrip the cities from which they sprang, in the arts and graces as well as in the comforts of civilization. Syracuse became a richer and more cultivated Corinth; Marseilles a wealthier Phoecea. The great difference, however, between the Greek colonies and those planted by most modern nations, lay in the fact, that they were intended from the outset to have a separate and distinct existence. The best men of the mother states were selected to form them; the best born were sent out at their head. Once they had reached their new homes, all political ties between them and the land of their birth were severed at once and forever, and those only of affection, consanguinity, language, and religion, remained. This has now come to be recognized by Great Britain at least, not only as the only system of colonization possible, but as the only one which is based on justice to the colonists, or consistent with their happiness; another instance of the political superiority of the Greeks to the moderns: but more of this anon.

Moreover, the Greek colonists were missionaries of civilization to the aborigines. Their numbers were generally small, which added to the love of city life, of small, compact republics, implanted in them by the early associations of their own country, compelled them to live together in one place, to unite for purposes of mutual protection, to decide upon all measures relating to the general welfare in common council, or in other words, to remain in the closest possible association. They consequently cultivated comparatively but a small quantity of land, but they cultivated it well, and as the idea of individual happiness or prosperity, apart from that of the state, was one which was carefully eliminated from Greek education, it never presented itself to the Greek mind: no adventurous 'pioneers' or 'back-woodsmen' ever pushed their way into the interior in search of solitary happiness or adventure. One of the first requisites of civilization and refinement was thus secured from the very birth of the new state, and that is, the constant and daily intercourse of the various members of the community. If we wish to barbarize a population, the first thing to be done is to scatter it; if we wish to humanize and refine it, we must bring individuals into close contact, make them live near each other, and give them fair opportunity of constantly interchanging ideas. The natural result of all this was, that the Greek colonies became centres of civilization wherever they were established,

and they raised the barbarians in their vicinity gradually to their own level.

All modern colonization has been started on a totally different basis. No European state ever sent out parties of its citizens for the express purpose of reproducing its image on a foreign soil, and then totally dissolving political connection with it. The happiness of the colonists was never one of the reasons for colonizing. Chosen Spaniards, or Dutchmen, or Portuguese, or Englishmen were never sent forth with the prayers and good-wishes of their countrymen, to create amidst the isles of the Southern seas, or the wilds of the Western continent, a new and better Spain, or Holland, or Portugal, or England. They were not instructed or expected to cherish the arts, or cultivate literature, or reclaim the barbarians. The first and main object of all Christian colonization, was the acquisition of fresh territory for the government at home; the second, the acquisition of wealth for its own private traders, either by barter or by gold-finding. The early Spanish and Portuguese colonists were unscrupulous traders or soldiers; the Dutch, most of whose settlements were founded on the ruin of those of Portugal, were no better. Their first idea was to make money; their second, to return home. The superiority of the ancient Greeks over our ancestors in this, at least, is apparent. The classical school of publicists here find some justification for their adulation of antiquity.

To this rule of modern departure from the example afforded by Greek colonization, England alone has furnished an exception, and she only one. She has sent out one colony, or rather one colony left her, which closely resembled, both in aim and in history, those of ancient Greece. The founders of New-England left home, in order to reproduce in America a nobler and better England, and left home intending to return no more. They founded a new state, and cast their lot in with it forever. Moreover, like the Greek colonists, they were mainly chosen men. The Pilgrim Fathers probably possessed even better claims to the designation of *eupatridæ* than any scion of royalty who led the Ionian or Dorian adventurers to their Asiatic seats. They were men of more than ordinary moral power, and lived beyond the measure of most of their countrymen under the dominion of deep and settled convictions. Their aims, moreover, in expatriating themselves, were entirely moral, and their material interests were never allowed to interfere with them. The state they founded was intended to be a new, separate, and distinct community, and not merely a dependency of the crown, a community from which the vices and abuses of the old order of things were to be entirely eradicated. Between the Puritan colony and any of those planted by Greece, there are, of course, numerous differences — differences wrought by religion, habits, manners, education, traditions, and the thousand others which are contained in the

terms, difference of age and race and civilization. The parallel we seek to point out, is not between the manners, or line of thought, or habits of the men; but between the political ideas on which their political organization was based.

It is no part of our present purpose to sketch the history of modern colonization. We can do little more than glance at the main features of that of Great Britain; but she and her system suggest too obvious a comparison with that of the leading state of antiquity to pass it over without notice. She is the greatest colonizer that ever existed, and probably is doing more to change the face and future of the world by her colonizing, than any other state except Greece; but Greece, by the very same instrumentality, probably exercised as large but a better influence upon the civilization which preceded our own, as England is likely to exercise upon that in which we live. Wherein lies the main difference between the two systems, so far as the ideas which presided at their origin is concerned, and wherein the main resemblance, we have made a rough attempt to explain; but it is precisely the point of difference, and not the points of resemblance, which color English colonial history, and which must furnish the data for many of the more important calculations that may be made touching the future of the British Empire and of the Anglo-Saxon race. Greek colonies were founded from the outset for the happiness of the colonists; English colonies, for the aggrandizement of the crown, except in the single instance we have mentioned. The principle which the Greeks accepted as an axiom in politics, England has only reluctantly acknowledged after two hundred years of oppression, and rebellions, and abuses. The latter has come back, after long and painful wanderings, to the point from which the former started; but sadly the worse for her straying. It is this fact which statesmen, who make Grote and Boeckh their hand-books of modern politics, too often overlook.

It is a curious and interesting circumstance, that the two first colonies which England possessed — those of Virginia and Massachusetts — owed either their formation or their successful settlement to troubles and calamities at home. New-England would never have been settled, if the Puritans had enjoyed in the country of their birth the commonest and most obvious of human rights; and Virginia owed its rise to the misfortunes of another class of the community, whose lot in England seemed, a few years previously, hardly capable of improvement. There could hardly be a more curious illustration of the manner in which greatness may be 'thrust upon' a government, as well as upon an individual. Great Britain has long been the first colonial power in the world; and yet, at the outset, she took no active measures to establish colonies; and has, until within the last few years, used all possible means to harass, repress, and divest herself of them.

As soon as it became thoroughly apparent that there were self-supporting communities on the other side of the Atlantic, which acknowledged her rule, she does not seem to have hailed them either as auxiliary states, or as extensions, so to speak, of the mother country. The very first use to which Virginia and Massachusetts were applied, was making them penal settlements for the reception of convicted felons not deemed worthy of execution. The two off-shoots served this purpose long before it became apparent to what account they might be turned commercially. As soon as the population became sufficiently large to make them valuable as customers for British products and manufactures, the famous 'Colonial System' was inaugurated: a system which survived nearly two hundred years of change and decay, and was as sacred an article in the political creed of British Statesmen at the beginning of the present century, as the right of the House of Hanover to the throne. This system was of course based on the principle that all colonies exist, not for their own benefit, but for the benefit of the mother country; and its chief feature was an absolute prohibition from trading with any other country than Great Britain, or in any vessels than British vessels. There were a vast number of minor incidents, equally or even more vexatious, than this, which we have not time to enumerate. Amongst them was the reservation of the law-making and taxing power to the British Parliament, to be exercised whenever the occasion seemed to require it, though ordinarily left in abeyance; and the right of the colonial secretary to interfere with and regulate, though six months distant from the scene, the minutest as well as the largest affairs of the colonies. The advantage supposed to be thus derived by British trade, manufactures, and navigation, over and above the strong lust of power, was of course very fascinating. It was first tried upon colonies settled by Englishmen, and was found so pleasant, that all the powers of the state were speedily put into requisition to extend its benefits to colonies settled by other nations. The conquest of Canada, of the West-Indian Islands, of the Cape of Good Hope, were hardly less due to a national desire to extend the empire as a matter of glory, than to extend the colonial system as a matter of profit. Every settlement annexed was a fresh batch of customers captured. There was, nevertheless, a side to this system which will bear scrutiny better, and of which a great deal more may be said in defence than the one we have been describing. In an age in which communication either by land or sea was tedious and difficult, in which two or three voyages across the Atlantic made a serious gap in one's life, in which newspapers were unknown and books were rare, and all other means of interchanging ideas correspondingly scarce, any thing which forced the colonies and the mother country into amicable relations of any sort, was in some sense a blessing to both. Where men are forced



to send their money or their goods, they are apt to send their thoughts also, and when opportunity serves, to transport themselves. The constant necessity under which the colonist found himself of supplying his smallest wants from London or Bristol, led to the foundation of connections of all sorts with people at home which might never otherwise have been formed. A community of ideas and interests was thus naturally engendered; and we must say that, in spite of all her faults of all kinds, we know of no country in Europe with which, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, a young and struggling settlement, compelled to fight day by day against the barbarism which is the constant concomitant of isolation, and of a rugged existence in which physical wants make hourly and imperious demands on the faculties of mind and body, could have ideas and interests in common with more advantage and less detriment, than even with the Great Britain of William and Mary and of the Georges.

Climate and extent of territory always excepted, there is hardly any thing which has more materially affected the character of the British colonies, and the nature of their relations with the home government, than the democratic constitution of society in them all. In spite of the attempts made in the earlier settlement on this continent to impress it with an aristocratic character, and to preserve the social distinctions of the old world, by the adoption of the British law of real property, the necessity of labor under which every body found himself placed in a new country, and more than all, the state of dependence in which every colonist found himself placed upon his neighbor, no matter what his rank in the mother country, proved effectual safeguards against the establishment of any thing like an aristocracy. In the United States, the Revolution was of course a powerful impulse toward the broadest kind of democracy; but in the colonies which have remained subject to the British crown to this day, the tendency is almost as apparent. In Australia, which can hardly be said to have been settled at the time America achieved her independence, the society is organized upon a basis as thoroughly democratic as in the Northern States of the Union, and even more so, because even the traditions of great families here, still plentiful enough in the Eastern States, are not there to be met with. Last year, manhood suffrage and vote by ballot were adopted in New South-Wales, and the other colonies in that quarter will doubtless soon follow its example. In Canada, in spite of the large infusion of tory element which it received from this country after the Revolution here, and in spite of the longings which have been recently uttered for a visit from the Queen, or some royal personage, no matter who, and in spite of the cheers with which Lord Bury's post-prandial suggestion, that a Canadian aristocracy should be created to reside in London, and introduce Ca-

nadians into 'good society,' the spirit, the people, and their tone of thought, the spirit of their institutions, and, moreover, their inevitable destiny, all bear unmistakably the democratic stamp. As the tide of population extends further west, and the old world is more and more lost sight of, its notions and habits are left farther and farther behind; and as the emigrant's early difficulties and responsibilities increase, this spirit will, of course, make itself more and more manifest. There will be vastly less trace of early political impressions and associations left upon the settlers of the new colony of British Columbia than on those of Canada West.

With regard to Australia, there has been an element infused into the population by the British Government which it is impossible to regard in any other light than that of an unmixed evil — an evil which will make itself felt for many generations to come. We need hardly say that we allude to the enormous importation of convicts into all the colonies, from their first settlement down to 1850. During the greater number of those years, the convict emigration almost kept pace with the free; and, of course, the vast majority were virtually converted, by conditional pardons, into citizens of the country, long before their sentences had expired. A great many, of course, as far as outward conduct went, were reformed; and a large number are to-day amongst the wealthiest and most useful inhabitants of the country.

It is a great mistake, however, to suppose that all that is needed to constitute a man a useful member of an infant community, is that he shall earn his bread honestly, and shall not break the laws. It is not the labor of its members only, or their abstinence from the commission of felonies, which is most useful to a colony preparing for a long lifetime as an independent state. The moral forces which are at work in the youth of a country are of vastly more importance than the number of its inhabitants or their outward sobriety of demeanor. Honorable traditions, self-respect, and the consciousness of the respect of others, decent family pride, the influences of early education, instinctive shrinking from and repugnance to mean or vile associations, the possession of a character to maintain, rather than the hope of regaining one; perhaps more than all, depth and sincerity of religious feeling, do far more to build up and sustain a great political fabric than either numbers or industry. Moral fibre and tone are always much more powerful and influential, in the long run, than either multitudes of people or magnitude of resources. There could hardly be a better illustration of this, than is afforded by the history of New-England. What that portion of the Union has accomplished through the influence of the causes we have been enumerating, treble the number of reformed felons might have attempted in vain.

The effect of the transportation system on Australia has been not



only to demoralize the masses, by the infusion of a large portion of the scum of society in the mother country, but to create two castes in the community; to create, in short, a distinction between man and man, of the most galling kind — a distinction based on the legal infamy of one of them. The freed convicts, and the descendants of all who have been convicts, are compelled to seek society amongst themselves alone: the voluntary settlers and their progeny will not associate with them. In a large and populous community, where social distinctions already exist, like England herself, and where persons branded by crime sink out of sight, and cannot, if they would, gain or regain a footing in the world of respectability, the social disabilities of convicts may seem rather an insignificant evil, after all; but in Australia, the population is still small, and the facilities for getting on in the world and attaining a position of wealth and corresponding usefulness, are great. There consequently exists in it a comparatively large class, to all outward appearance worthy and well-to-do citizens, who are nevertheless contemned by another class, and bearing about with them a consciousness, and receiving daily reminders of their degradation. This is certainly a misfortune of the worst kind for the state.

The inhabitants themselves became so sensible of it, that seven years ago they positively refused to permit any more convicts to be landed on their shores. The government hesitated, as it would not have hesitated a century ago, about resorting to force, gave way, and made a feeble attempt to land the cargoes of crime at the Cape of Good Hope. The people here resisted with equal spirit, and the result has been, that transportation has been altogether abandoned, and 'penal servitude' in the jails at home substituted. Upon Canada and the other colonies the infliction was never attempted.

The abandonment of the 'colonial system,' the concession of complete self-government to all the colonies, the abolition of the navigation-laws, the reservation merely of such rights to the crown — as that of appointing the governor and the judges, and garrisoning the forts — as may typify the Queen's supremacy, have given the colonies such an impetus in their progress, that their past history is now a matter of very trifling importance, as compared with the future which awaits them. That they will soon cease to be appendages of Great Britain, is very apparent; and, in fact, the policy of the mother country is now avowedly regulated with the view of preparing them for that change, and we may reasonably expect, that before fifty years have elapsed, it will have occurred, not after a decade of recrimination and bloodshed, but by the mere force of circumstances, or in silent obedience to the plain dictates of expediency. The mere mention of that future opens up a field of speculation so vast, that we might well be excused if we shrunk from entering upon it in the limits of an article like the pre-

sent. Although this Republic has now been for nearly a century emancipated from the control of Great Britain, and has in that interval made unparalleled progress, the shrewdest, most far-seeing politician finds it impossible to say what limits it may eventually reach, what will be the extent of its resources in wealth and population, even a century hence. One of the largest and most promising of the British colonies, Canada, will doubtless share its fate; and all calculations as to what the latter may yet become, and what part it may eventually play in the world's history, may fairly be merged in those which are made about the future of the United States. The West-Indian Islands will also doubtless fall into the hands of whatever nation becomes final possessor of Central America. A separate political existence can hardly be predicted for them. The British possessions in the Mediterranean are simply garrisons for troops, and will one day be annexed to the empire which shall first get the sea which surrounds them into its hands. The Ionian Islands, Malta, Majorca, and Minorca, can hardly be called British colonies, and will certainly not retain many traces of British supremacy, once the British forces are withdrawn. But Australia and the Cape of Good Hope will, beyond all question, eventually form the centres of great empires. Australia possesses every possible facility for the acquisition of maritime and commercial greatness. With a vast territory, in the midst of a vast ocean, surrounded by numerous islands, a fine climate, a fertile soil, a free people of singular energy and industry, unburdened by debt, untrammelled by feudal reminiscences, without a single civilized rival on that side of the globe, and with many and populous countries swarming with customers for their products and manufactures within easy sail, and with an abundance of the finest harbors, it is difficult to say to what pitch of greatness such a people may not attain. It is quite certain that in such markets as China and Japan and India are likely to offer, no western or northern producer is likely to be able to compete with them at all. It is almost amusing to read the speculations which are daily put forth as to the probable extent to which Russian influence and predominance will attain in the East, through the instrumentality of armies and caravans sent overland to China and Hindostan, when Australia is swelling into such ponderous proportions a few miles off in the Indian Ocean, and when her troops and ships will be at all times within as many days of all possible Oriental bones of contention, as those of any other power will be weeks. It will take even a greater Colossus than the Czar is ever likely to prove, to make his 'Yea,' uttered at St. Petersburg, possess effects as potent as a republican 'Nay,' shouted forth at Sydney. We therefore anticipate, before many years have elapsed, a rehearsal in the Southern Ocean of the policy of annexation and of expansion, of the sermons on 'manifest destiny,' by

which we have already excited so much annoyance and alarm in Europe. We are afraid, in short, the Australians will prove keen traders, good sailors, and very unscrupulous fillibusters, as we are proving; that they will conceive it their duty, in short, to develop the resources of China and Japan, and to 'Australianize' the whole earth, and will peremptorily deny the right either of Europe or America to meddle with their doings in that quarter. If these views be correct, we think they offer a somewhat simpler solution of the problem of the future of British India than any yet put forward, and determine pretty closely to whose advantage the attempts which are being at present made to open up China and Japan will accrue.

The only formidable rival with which Australia will have to contend, if she have to contend with any, will be the Cape of Good Hope. This colony is still in its infancy, and has not had the impetus given it which Australia has derived from the gold discoveries. But its progress is rapid. It is daily becoming a greater favorite with emigrants. It enjoys great commercial advantages, in being the *entrepôt* of the vast continent which lies behind it, and into which the white population is yearly extending with rapid strides, and in which there is a large black population, whom it is not too much to hope Christianity and civilization will at no distant day convert into both large producers and large consumers. Our remarks on such a subject, in so small a space as we have at our disposal, are necessarily little better than suggestions, but they open up an immense field, both for conjecture and for prophecy.

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T R A N S L A T I O N .

Poor withered leaf! where goest thou,  
No longer held by tender bough?  
'I cannot tell: a tempest broke  
My sole support, the mighty oak.  
The Zephyr, when it whispers past,  
Or North-wind, with its angry blast,  
From day to day wafts o'er the plain,  
Then hurries back to woods again.  
To mountain first, and next to vale,  
I'm quickly borne by fickle gale:  
Without complaint, or even fear,  
I let the winds drive far and near;  
Yet sink at last to deep repose,  
With laurel-leaf and faded rose.'

## THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

THERE was once, within the limits of this metropolitan city, a Botanic Garden. It flourished for several years under the auspices of Samuel L. Mitchell, the only natural philosopher of any eminence that New-York, so far as I know, could ever call her own. Doctor David Hosack, then at the head of the medical profession, was one of the most enthusiastic patrons of that Garden, and so was Martin Hoffman, for many years the President of a Society formed for the Promotion of Horticultural Science. The society, or rather a society having the same object, still exists; but the Garden—alas! where is it? Eviscerated, cut up into streets and avenues, ‘regulated,’ and built upon, even its locality is undistinguishable, and known only to those of our citizens who have devoted themselves to antiquarian researches. Let not the reader ridicule the phrase. There is a near as well as a remote antiquity; and though I do not refer to the latter, I do nevertheless speak of times anterior to the advent of this KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, when as yet the first number of the first volume had not been issued; an era not indeed so remote as that in which was laid the corner-stone of the Egyptian Pyramids, but one, nevertheless, of which many of my readers know as little.

A visit to the Parisian Botanic Garden, the *Jardin des Plantes*, as it is called, of which I propose to give some account, led me into this reminiscence. I followed the train of thought until, as I frankly confess, my conceit, as a native New-Yorker, was considerably abated. It was on this wise. There are botanic gardens in almost all the cities of the old world, even in those less populous, less enterprising, and less wealthy than our own goodly Gotham. There is a very creditable one in Glasgow, and another at Rouen, as I remember. I asked myself, and not being able to answer the question, I asked one of my travelling companions, Why have we no such thing in our own goodly city: no botanic garden, no monuments, no noble specimens of statuary, no magnificent public buildings, in short, no lions of any kind wherewith to astonish strangers? And my friend answered me, just as you would have done, by referring to our juvenility. It is an American propensity to glorify the future, to say nothing about what we are, but to rejoice in what we shall be. What we have, is indeed of little importance; what we shall have, ah! that is the grand idea. New-York is yet in its infancy, and thus with wondrous self-complacency we settle these questions. In its infancy? Very true, but then, to speak plainly, it does not seem to be making any progress in what may be called the æsthetics of a city; or if it does, the progress is rather

backward than forward. Do you know of any pleasant drive on this island of Manhattan? Our fathers used to enjoy a trip to 'Cato's. The Bloomingdale road was 'safe' in the days of our boyhood. You will not find it so now. The avenues are everlastingly undergoing repairs, having their grades altered, or being 'sewered.' We had a Crystal Palace, but it was burned down, and nobody wants it rebuilt. There was in the city, too, not so long since as to have faded from the memory of elderly men, a spacious hall, in which it was pleasant to hold large public meetings. We burned up that one Sunday morning, and now for these purposes we content ourselves with the basement of the Cooper Institute, a very comfortable place, bating the low ceiling and the foul air. The Battery was once a beautiful promenade; and a pleasant resort from the summer heat was found across the ferry, in what were called, and I believe still bear the name of Elysian Fields. The former is now appropriated to foreigners on their first landing; the latter are monopolized by them after they become acclimated.

But the Botanic Garden—shall we Knickerbockers ever have another? Certainly, in the future, when the Central Park is finished. That, you know, is to exceed any thing of which the old world can boast; and, like unto it, in its superiority to all others, will be the New-York Jardin des Plantes. Only have faith in the future, as a good citizen, and that faith being the substance of things hoped for, will, for the present, answer the same purpose as the reality, with the trifling exception, of course, that it is not so easy to exhibit it (the garden) to visitors from abroad.

In the mean time, go with our party to the Parisian Garden; you will not incommode us in the *voiture de remise*, nor increase the expense. We are bound, so far as we can, in the few days at our disposal, thoroughly to explore the sights worth seeing in the French capital, and to-day has been set apart for this purpose.

There are, of course, on the route to the Jardin, churches worthy of a visit, two certainly, at each of which we must spend a few minutes. The first is in the parish of the Louvre and the Tuileries. It is called St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and is full of historical reminiscences, even more full than many others of greater pretensions. You may examine the interior, the various chapels and works of art with which they are decorated, gratuitously. It will cost you but a trifle to ascend the tower. Let us go up first, and afterward we may study the building at our leisure. Here you are, then, in the belfry. It is a gloomy place. Wait a little, until your eye becomes familiar with the darkness. See you these bells? They have been hanging there I know not how long; but nearly three hundred years ago, namely, on the twenty-third of August, 1572, those bells were tolled during the whole night. It was the signal for the massacre of the Huguenots on

the day of the feast of Saint Bartholomew. The streets of Paris then ran with blood; but it is wonderful how historians differ as to the number who were murdered on that occasion. De Thou estimates them at thirty thousand, while the Romish historian, Lingard, reduces the number to fifteen hundred. The truth lies probably between these extremes, but we may not stop to find it.

In 1831 an attempt was made to celebrate, within the walls of this church, the anniversary of the death of the Duke de Berri. But the populace would not permit it, and in the tumult which arose in consequence, the interior of the church was destroyed, and its total destruction threatened. The mob, however, appeased their wrath by plundering and devastating the palace of the Archbishop, and the walls of the church were left standing. It is a historic reminiscence of this building, too, that within its precincts, so long ago as 1536, Etienne Marcel Prévot de Marchands stirred up his formidable insurrection, and for many weeks the church was used as a rendezvous for conspirators, and as an arsenal for weapons of war. In this respect, however, it has no remarkable preëminence over many other churches in the metropolis. Most of them have been, at one time or another, converted for a season, from their legitimate purpose, and might be called, in a sense unwarranted by ecclesiastical interpretation, churches militant.

On coming down from the tower, and surveying the interior of the building, your attention will be arrested by a magnificent basin for holy water in the centre of the transept. It is of marble, and is surmounted by three cherub children, admirably sculptured, and bearing aloft the cross — the universal symbol of our religious faith. This beautiful piece of work was executed by Jauffroy, and paid for, as the guide will tell you, by Madame Lamartine, who presented it to the church. Every where around you are pictures and pieces of sculpture more or less meritorious. There is, of course, the SAVIOUR at almost every period of HIS wonderful life. You may see HIM as an infant in the arms of the Virgin; as a curly-headed boy among the wise men; in the Temple; preaching in the Synagogue; on the Mount of Olives with HIS disciples; partaking of the last supper; on the cross, and borne to the tomb. Not satisfied with subjects for which there is warrant in Scripture history, artists have drawn upon their imaginations, and they represent CHRIST in positions where it requires a wonderful amount of credulity not to be shocked with what appear to be palpable and absurd anachronisms. Here, for instance, is the SON of God between two venerable-looking fathers, who, upon inquiry, we are told are Pope Leo on the left, and Pope Gregory on the right. We doubt for a moment the truth of the statement thus made by our guide. Here is an ecclesiastic just about to enter the confession-box



in the chapel of St. Landry. With unmistakable Yankee impudence let us ask him. He appears astonished, but not offended at our broken French; a little grieved too, it seems, at our Protestant obstinacy and unbelief. *C'est vrai*, that is, most certainly Pope Gregory, and the other is Leo. To the docile priest there evidently seems no kind of difficulty in associating those pontiffs with Jesus of Nazareth. Either he does not comprehend our difficulty, or he is attempting to deceive us by an assumed innocence. Let him go to his prescribed task. There is an elderly female awaiting his reverence at the confessional.

But who was Saint Landry, in whose honor this chapel is named? Truly we never heard of him before. But having made what researches were in our power, we have come to the conclusion that Saint Landry was, in his day, a very worthy man. He was, so say the historians, the Bishop of Paris under Childeric II., in the seventh century. Tradition ascribes to him the foundation of that magnificent hospital, known as the *Hotel Dieu*. But he is merely a traditional saint, and the same may be said of many of those in the Romish calendar. Their names are not in the Bible, that great muster-roll to which we are in the habit of referring for sketches of men and women who deserved to be canonized. Here, in this one church, are chapels in honor of Saint Germain and Sainte Genevieve, Saint Vincent, Saint Borromeo, and Sainte Clotilde, all very respectable men and women in their day, and perhaps quite as worthy as Landry, if one had time to seek out their history.

From this church we drove to the far more imposing and majestic building known as the Cathedral of Notre Dame, an edifice full of historical associations, and so frequently described as to render any detailed account unnecessary to the general reader. I will mention, therefore, but a few of those things which here attracted our special notice. In the vestry-room, or sacristy, as it is called in Romish phrase, are the portraits of twenty-four Archbishops of Paris, including that of the good Affre, who was shot in the bloody riot of June, 1848. He was consecrated in 1840, and distinguished himself by acts of benevolence, and more especially by his efforts to promote the education of the ecclesiastical orders. When the conflict between the government and the maddened populace had been raging for three days, the Archbishop determined to make an effort to stop the shedding of blood by his own personal interposition. Preceded by a youth bearing an olive-branch, he went to the Place de la Bastille in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where the mob had gathered in the greatest force. They ceased firing for a few moments, and appeared disposed to listen to his pacific counsels. While he was speaking, however, some unknown miscreant fired at him with deadly aim, and the Arch-

bishop was mortally wounded. He lingered in great agony for twenty-four hours, and expired with the prayer upon his lips that his blood might be the last to be spilt in civil war. Visitors are shown the bullet by which the Archbishop was killed, and a cast of his face taken soon after his death.

In large oaken presses are kept, not shown to every body, but as a favor to your country you may see them for a consideration, crosiers, mitres, crowns sparkling with gems and rubies, the coronation robes, heavy with gold, worn by the first Napoleon at his coronation, and the priestly vestments scarcely less costly and more tawdry, in which were robed on that august occasion, priests and cardinals, and his Holiness the Pope, Pius VII., for he was there.

They show you here, too, in one of the chapels adjoining the sacristy, the spot where was buried, in 1795, the young Dauphin of whom so many contradictory stories have been told, the son of Louis XVI. Of course, if the lad was here buried, there must be some flaw in the logic by which the Rev. Eleazar Williams proved himself to be that veritable dauphin. But what is a little singular, and may be set off, per contra, is the fact that it is asserted with equal pertinacity and, so far as I know, with equal plausibility, that the body of the unfortunate and savagely-treated child was buried in the cemetery of the Church of Sainte Marguerite, in another part of the city. As both statements cannot possibly be true, the reader may feel inclined to credit neither, and to suspect that possibly there was some truth in the pretensions put forth in behalf of our countryman Eleazar.

We judged, but this may have been a hasty conclusion drawn from inadequate premises, that the Cathedral of Notre Dame is the favorite spot for the celebration of the marriage ceremony among the Parisians. At any rate, during the few minutes we spent there two couples were made happy. Our party assisted in the ceremony by their presence, and in both cases felicitated the bride and wished her happiness in her new relation, quite as sincerely, if not with as much outward demonstration, as did the guests who were specially invited. We had the pleasure, too, of seeing the precise spot, where in January, 1853, the present Emperor knelt with his bride when they plighted their mutual troth.

But we have tarried here long enough. Pass we to the special order of the day, which is, as I have said, the *Jardin des Plantes*, a very modest name for a vast collection of the wonders of nature, not only botanical but zoölogical and geological, with cabinets devoted to anthropology, comparative anatomy, and mineralogy.

The Botanic Garden proper first claims our notice. It contains I know not how many acres, and several spacious houses for the hybernation of tropical and other plants which will not endure the cold of

Parisian winters. The collection of hardy trees, plants, and shrubs is very extensive, the object being to cultivate at least one specimen of every known variety from all quarters of the globe. These are all arranged in a method best calculated to facilitate the student in the acquisition of botanical knowledge. Every plant has a label with its classical name, and these labels or tallies are of different colors, and made to indicate the peculiar properties or nature of the different specimens. Thus medicinal plants have their names written on red tallies, and blue indicates such as are used in the arts. Esculent vegetables are designated by green labels; those which are merely ornamental, by yellow; while black is appropriated to such as are of a poisonous nature.

Close to this 'School of Botany,' as it is called, are the nurseries of fruit-trees, the extent of which may be inferred from the fact, that of the different species of the pear alone, there are more than three hundred varieties. It was gratifying to our national pride to learn that although our country produces nothing remarkable in the way of pears, the best we have being of European origin, yet that American apples are superior in flavor to those of any other part of the world. The celebrated Washington Plum, it is said, is of French origin; for although the fruit was first brought into public notice in our own country, yet the tree, it is averred, had been imported previously from Paris. It is not exactly in my line to discuss this question, nor can I with my limited knowledge dispute successfully the French gardener's claim. It is a very fine plum, wherever it originated, and bears worthily the name of the Father of his Country.

One of the most striking objects for the mere amateur, is a noble specimen of the Cedar of Lebanon, which stands upon an eminence in the garden, and is more than a hundred years old. It was planted, so they tell us, by that greatest of French botanists, the elder Jussieu, in the year 1735. It is truly a magnificent tree, more than ten feet in circumference at six feet from the ground. It over-looks majestically the nursery of fir and pine trees, of which there are rare specimens of almost every known variety, and seems like the tutelary genius of the vast amphitheatre, in which various courses of lectures are delivered to thousands of students in the various branches of natural science. These lectures are all public and gratuitous. They commence in April, and are continued all through the spring and summer. In addition to the information thus imparted by the most learned men in France, to all classes of the community, there are annually given away thousands of young shrubs, plants, and trees, the product of the garden, and an almost unlimited quantity of seeds of various kinds of fruits, flowers, and vegetables.

This part of this vast establishment was founded under the auspices

of Louis XIII., in 1635. It has, like every thing else in Paris, undergone many vicissitudes. At one time petted and cared for by sovereigns, at another utterly neglected; now ruthlessly ravaged by the maddened rabble, and now watched over with solicitude, and beautified and extended by such men — among the greatest in the world's galaxy — as Tournefort, Jussieu, and Buffon. The first Napoleon did much to foster the institution; and the present Emperor, in this respect, is imitating his example. Indeed, it would be hard to say wherein the nephew of his uncle overlooks or neglects any thing that has a tendency to improve Paris, and to enhance the glory of the French nation. The fact is, and it may as well be told as not, the more we saw and heard of the doings of the adventurer who now wears the imperial purple — democratic republicans as we were and are — the more we were satisfied with his rule over Frenchmen, and the more we were willing that he should continue to be their ruler. He has certainly made Paris a very pleasant place for strangers to visit. It is not clear to us, either, that just such a tyrant as Louis Napoleon, with just as much arbitrary power, would not, for a while, at least, be a desirable ruler in this Republic. Would he not make a good mayor for this city? If we might secure for him the regular nomination, there would be little doubt of his election; and as to his acceptance of the office, it is more than probable that, by the time we elect him, he will be quite ready to reëmigrate to this or some other country.

Passing from the botanical and horticultural department, we enter the menagerie of living animals. This was originated at Versailles by Louis XIV., and increased rapidly under the auspices of his two immediate successors. In 1794 it was removed to its present location, and from that time to the present, has been growing in interest and importance. It is open to all who choose to enter, free of charge, and you are admonished by placards, in various places, to give nothing to the attendants. The day on which we examined it was very fine, and there was a large number of visitors of all ranks and of all ages, men, women, and children. Of course I cannot specify the different animals in this vast collection. All of them, even down to the snakes and boaconstrictors, seemed to enjoy themselves as well as could be expected, and two elderly specimens of the hippopotamus were apparently very happy. They had recently lost, by death, a son — or a daughter, I am not sure which. The youngster, who was born there, unfortunately fell from one of the stone steps of his bathing-place, and broke his little neck.

One of the rarest animals in the collection is a black panther, from Java. Like his neighbor, the hyena, he is a restless creature, and has not a very amiable countenance. Tigers, bears, and lions; llamas, yaks, and giraffes — one of the latter born in the garden — display them-

selves to the best advantage, while a whole wilderness of monkeys in an inclosure devoted to their special comfort, play their fantastic tricks, not less for the amusement of spectators than for their own gratification.

Let us, however, enter the building devoted to comparative anatomy. There are fourteen rooms filled with specimens, and forming, beyond all question, the most extensive and complete cabinet in existence. It is a monument to the genius and industry of Baron Cuvier, by whom it was arranged, and who superintended and controlled the far larger portion of the specimens. The most interesting room is that devoted to skulls and skeletons of the human species. They are here collected and arranged, of almost endless diversity, and from every portion of the globe. Dwarfs and giants, Chinese, Mongolians, and North-American Indians, ancient and modern, infants and adults, the heads of men of genius and the skulls of fools and idiots, showing their various conformations, and affording facilities for the student to be found no where else. Here may be seen the skull of the wonderful dwarf Bebe, who was attached to the service of Stanislaus, King of Poland, and who, in his twenty-fifth year, was but twenty inches high. Verily it compares strangely with some of the heads by which it is surrounded. Close at hand is the skull of that Syrian who assassinated General Kleber in Egypt, and there are quite a number which were found in Egyptian and Etruscan tombs. There are also to be seen here, all in excellent preservation, the skeletons of beasts and birds and fish, almost without number; crocodiles, tortoises, whales, sharks, camels, giraffes, together with the fossil remains of extinct species of animals, in all their hideous deformity.

What is called the 'Zoölogical Cabinet,' is comprised in a building of two stories beside the basement. It is nearly four hundred feet in length, and contains, it is said, upward of two hundred thousand separate and distinct specimens, 'so systematically and progressively arranged, that, beginning with the lowest manifestations of animal organization, (as in the sponge,) we can follow the chain of nature, link by link, till it arrives at its highest perfection in man.' Of course, as in all Parisian public buildings, there are here well-executed statues, paintings, and other works of art, all devoted to the honor of the votaries of science. We noticed especially busts of Lacépède, Adanson, Daubenton, and Guy de la Brosse.

But we have yet one other extensive museum to explore, in some respects, of more interest than any we have yet seen. It is the collection of minerals and geological specimens, arranged in a building erected for the purpose, and allowed on all hands to be the most extensive and best classified collection in the world. The building is five hundred and forty feet in length by forty wide and thirty high. In the centre

of the principal hall is a noble marble statue of the illustrious Cuvier, and the walls are adorned with expressive paintings by the great French masters. Weeks, and even months, might profitably be spent in the examination of these treasures ; and a passing visitor, with but an hour or two to spare, can hardly turn away without a feeling somewhat akin to envy, as he thinks of the privileges enjoyed by the poorest citizen of Paris in being permitted at his pleasure to examine and study these wonderful collections.

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THY LITTLE HAND.

I.

Thine is a little hand —  
A tiny little hand —  
But if it clasp  
With timid grasp  
Mine own, ah ! me, I well can understand  
The pressure of that little hand !

II.

Thine is a little mouth —  
A very little mouth —  
But oh ! what bliss  
To steal a kiss,  
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the south,  
From that same rosy little mouth !

III.

Thine is a little heart —  
A little fluttering heart —  
Yet is it warm  
And pure and calm,  
And loves me with its whole untutored art,  
That palpitating little heart !

IV.

Thou art a little girl —  
Only a little girl —  
Yet art thou worth  
The wealth of earth —  
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold, and pearl —  
To me, thou blessed little girl !



## A GRAIN OF WHEAT FROM A BUSHEL OF CHAFF.

FROM that eventful morning when the infant Cain, playing at his mother's knee, proclaimed by 'raising his voice in tuneful song' an important discovery by the simple experiment of bringing his little nose in violent contact with the ground, to the day when Pat Terri-fer, with his nether limb mashed beyond all hopes of redemption, lay meditating on his narrow hospital-pallet upon the dubious means of relief promised him by the attending surgeon, there has been a steady but unequal contest by man against the curse imposed upon him for the first fault — a constant endeavor to strike the word 'pain' from the vocabulary.

And yet, although ages have rolled on, and millions upon millions have lived, pondered, experimented, and suffered, so meagre was the result, that even so late as 1839 the celebrated French surgeon Val-peau, despairing of any solution to the problem, declared that 'to escape pain is a chimera which we are not permitted to look for in our day; that the cutting instrument and pain in operative medicine are two words which never present themselves the one without the other.' And yet he has lived to see his opinion changed. Only seven years after, as one of a commission appointed to examine the merits of a new means of relief proposed, he heard and acquiesced in the glad announcement made to the whole world: 'We have conquered pain.'

How was this glorious victory gained? Who won it? Was it a mere spontaneous, suddenly-imagined suggestion which luckily found a corroborative solution at once in experiment? Or was it a result from a series of trials and failures — a fact settled by a slow process of reasoning on a certain amount of given information?

Such are the questions often proposed — let us see if all of them can be answered satisfactorily. One, certainly the last, can be at once replied to affirmatively, for the facts to prove it are sufficiently numerous and well substantiated to satisfy even the most obdurate Mr. Gradgrind. Our object must be therefore to see at what period the first attempts were made to relieve pain, and in what they consisted.

Throwing aside, as doubtful, the story of the sleepy action of the nepenthe upon Ulysses and his companions; disputing with the Biblical commentators the theory that narcotics were given to the unfortunates about to be crucified; disbelieving entirely the assertion of Herodotus that a narcotic intoxication was common in his day; we reach at last a tangible fact and fixed date.

A worthy gentleman of Naples, by the name of Pliny, who, it is known, was living in the first years of our era, has written us a

letter in most excellent Latin, in which he declares that it was the custom to give a certain decoction of herbs 'before cuttings and puncturings, lest they should be felt.' One would suppose this so satisfactory, that no doubt could be harbored as regards his integrity. But apparently not satisfied with the probable effect of so simple an assertion, he instantly proceeds to perpetrate a most abominable Munchausenism about a stone which he calls Memphites, declaring that it will produce the same effect. But even this admits of some explanation, for, as by his direction, it was necessary to apply it in order to stupefy the part, it is highly probable it was to be used as Mr. Montgomery intended to use his brick. That omnipresent race, however, the Chinese, who seem inclined to cheat us out of all claim to priority of invention, have taken issue with all the rest of the world, by declaring that from the remotest ages it has been the custom of their medical men to give patients a narcotic powder, so that no pain need be felt. In a curious book in the Imperial Library at Paris, called Kou-kin-i-tong, we find the name Ma-yo given to this powder, which was probably no more than the Indian hemp now so extensively used throughout the East, under the name of Bhang, to produce a temporary intoxication, and the same drug which in the form of an extract is the bane of the hasheesh-eater.

Constantly through the years succeeding the death of Pliny, from Dioscorides, from Matthioli, from the spirited narrative of Marco Polo, and all the chroniclers of the crusades, from the old historians of the East, from the records of the Inquisition, and the published cases of the long series of illustrious surgeons down to this very year, we find mention made of attempts to relieve pain, while equally often proof is given of their inefficiency and failure.

The reason of this is obvious: with few exceptions, their experiments were directed toward the effects of solid narcotic substances upon the system. It was the substances used, and not the method, which caused the failures. Opium, which is one and perhaps the best of all narcotics, if given in sufficient amount to wholly deaden pain, (which can be done,) possesses the most disagreeable property of deadening the recipient so utterly, that he rises no more in this world in a bodily form; consequently the user is always placed in the disagreeable dilemma of inflicting a certain amount of pain and keeping on the safe side, or of risking a coroner's inquest and a verdict of manslaughter and malpractice. The trials, however, demonstrated one valuable fact, that as when swallowed they produced slowly a much more continued and excessive stupefaction than was needed, it was important to substitute some article which should produce the effect more quickly — more safely, even it were used a little carelessly; and above all, one which should not cause a persistent condition when the administration had been stopped.

This was the first step toward our present state of knowledge. When the men of science had arrived at this conclusion, they all fell to experimenting and suggesting year after year. Old Baptista Porta proposed what he called his sleeping-apple, 'the smelling of which binds the eyes with a deepe sleepe,' which was a ball formed of some narcotic drugs, that was to be kept from the air, and when wanted for use, was to be held under the nose. Cold was another means, as it was found that when a man was nearly frozen to death, his sensibility to pain was much blunted. Pressing upon the nerves until there was no sensation in the limb; choking and bleeding the patient until he was all but insensible, were other plans. Mesmer advanced the theory of animal magnetism, and made many converts; but whether before or after they were operated upon, has never been decided. Finally, some ingenious man, whose name is wholly unknown to fame, suggested the use of alcohol — that is, the patient should be made so drunk that he could feel nothing. This being a pleasant form, met with much success, and was the second step onward. But still with this there were some faults. It was found that it required too long to produce the effect, that it was not caused equally in different persons, that it lasted too long, and lastly, that it was somewhat expensive and dangerous. So the wits of the chemists were set to work to devise something better than alcohol.

There is now existing near Naples, and records concerning it date back as far as Pliny, a cave called 'Grotta del Cane,' which is probably one of the outlets through the volcanic crust of which the whole vicinity of Vesuvius is composed, as from it constantly exhales a steam which is found to contain large quantities of carbonic-acid gas. This gas, which is heavier than common air, is totally destructive to animal life, if sufficient time be given for its effects; and any animal placed in it will die, unless quickly removed from it into the pure air. Taking advantage of this known fact, it was proposed to administer in such quantity as to produce its insensible but not deadly effect, and that instantly on its appearance the administration should be suspended, and the operation be performed during the interval before perfect recovery.

This was the third step. But unfortunately its use was found to be too dangerous; and although it was advocated by intelligent men, and it was stated that some operations were performed under its influence, it fell into disfavor, and has never since been resuscitated. But it gave the right direction to investigation. In 1799 Humphry Davy, (not then Sir) who was an assistant in an institution in England for the treatment of disease by the inhalation of various substances, commenced a series of experiments with nitrous oxyd, or, as it is often called, laughing-gas. These he published, and although he does not

seem to have rendered himself by its use, at any time, wholly insensible, he must have caused some decided effect, for he has written : 'As it appears capable of destroying physical pains, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations.' This was the fourth important step.

But his was only a suggestion — a proposition which was never put by him to the test of experimentation : its death was coincident with its birth as far as any real benefit accrued from it to mankind. Nearly fifty years afterward, in the winter of 1844, a public lecture was given in the city of Hartford to illustrate the effects of this very agent, the laughing-gas. Among the audience was a person by the name of Horace Wells, who, struck by its effects upon one of the persons who had inhaled it, made the casual remark : 'That he believed that a person (under its influence) could undergo a severe surgical operation without feeling any pain.' He offered to inhale the gas himself and allow one of his teeth to be extracted. He did inhale it that very evening : a tooth was extracted, and, as he asserted, without the slightest sensation of pain. This was the fifth great step, the demonstration of an invaluable principle — in fact, the discovery.

A number of experiments were subsequently made with the gas both by himself and others, and as is shown by the affidavits of many good and reliable men, with an eminent degree of success ; for many dangerous and ordinarily painful operations were performed upon persons who took oath they had experienced no pain whatever. But two objections were found with it : its preparation was somewhat troublesome, and it was rather too bulky for transportation. He accordingly searched for some other agent which should more fully and perfectly fill the needful indications. There was then sold in every druggist's shop an article of common use in medicine, the effects and method of managing of which had been perfectly well known for over five hundred years. This medicine was called an ether, the name of the chemical acid used in its manufacture being prefixed to it by way of designation. As there are many kinds of acids, there are consequently many kinds of ethers ; of these the most common is sulphuric ether, sulphuric acid being used in its fabrication. It is a clear liquid, like water, highly volatile, intoxicating in effect, but in a much more rapid and excessive degree than alcohol. For over fifty years it had been recommended by medical men for inhalation in certain diseases of the lungs ; and from individual cases where it had been used in this way, it was known that a certain amount of intoxicating effect would be produced. Reasoning on the fact which had been before experimented upon, that alcohol would produce a suspension of personal suffering, and the similarity of effect known to be caused by the inhalation of ether, Mr. Wells determined to try if it would sup-

ply the deficiency. This was the sixth, and the step which has left us at our present state of knowledge.

But although much was anticipated by him from the ether, he did not consider it wholly satisfactory, for he ultimately returned to the use of his first agent, the nitrous oxyd gas. During a visit made by him to Boston that same winter, he communicated his discovery to an old friend and partner, named Morton. On the sixteenth day of October, 1846, this same Morton made his appearance at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, and there, in the presence of a large number of surgeons and spectators, administered this ether to a man from whom was then removed a large tumor, without his having experienced the slightest pain. As from that day the surgeon has been able to gauge the amount of suffering he will inflict in any operation, as accurately as the corner-grocer can weigh out a pound of sugar; as narcotics, for three thousand years the sole champions against inflicted pain, unconditionally vacated the arena on the approach of the new-comer, it would seem the easiest thing in the world to tell the time of the discovery, and the name of the man who really conferred it.

Three men have stood before the world as claimants for the honor. Horace Wells for his acknowledged use of nitrous oxyd gas in 1844; William T. G. Morton upon the undisputed ground of his public exhibition in 1846; and lastly, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, who makes the positive personal assertions that he, in 1842, by the accident of inhaling an excessive amount of ether, made the discovery that it would produce a perfect insensibility, and that it was from his information, and at his instigation, that Morton performed the conclusive experiment at the hospital.

By priority of date, it is obvious that the credit should be awarded Dr. Jackson, provided it were perfectly proved, first, that he did discover in 1842 what he asserts, and, second, that he reduced what was at first but a theory to a certainty, by the test of actual experiment. But here is the dilemma. Nothing was heard of his discovery and claim, until subsequent to its verification by another, while out of his own mouth, it is proved that he never experimented upon what he considered so invaluable a discovery. Whether he induced another to experiment for him, is a simple question of veracity, in which the public have little interest; but as he kept his secret so well for four years, it is allowable to suppose that humanity might have been none the wiser at the end of forty.

Morton, who evidently considers the pen as mightier than the sword, and makes up by multiplicity of documents for weakness of proof, makes a direct denial that he ever received his information from Wells. Yet it is allowed that two years before his public appearance, he knew that Wells was experimenting with nitrous oxyd, and that

he conversed with him concerning it. Some corroborative testimony is evidently needed to show when he formed and experimented upon the theory. The claim of Horace Wells rests upon testimony showing, that from 1844 to 1846, he used both ether and nitrous oxyd gas, to produce anæsthesia; upon testimony showing that he communicated his knowledge directly to Morton, and probably indirectly to Jackson. Could more be required to establish any demand? Should not this grain of truth, picked from the bushel of chaff with which the antagonism of others has enveloped it, be sufficient, under the benign influences of honest investigation, to produce a harvest of honor to the memory of that man, who died unnoticed and unrewarded, after bestowing one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on suffering man?

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W O L F E .

ENGLAND has in holy keeping centuries of hero dust,  
 Glory's turf is ever heaping, crowning it with shrine and bust;  
 And no nobler dead, bequeathed her by her fields of crimson wreck,  
 Guards she, than the son who wreathed her with the chaplet of Quebec.

On the heights above St. Lawrence streams St. GEORGE'S flag to-day,  
 O'er the land of lakes and torrents, dusky woods and mountains gray:  
 Where the snowy-seamed sierra feeds Mackenzie's affluent rills;  
 Where the ice-bergs clash together, startling all the Arctic hills;

Where the pine-tree moans and shivers beside misty Frazer's shore;  
 Where the boreal heaven quivers spectral lights o'er Labrador.  
 Swift the tide of occupation sweeps along the iron rail,  
 And the commerce of a nation fills with lusty winds its sail.

Races, now no more impinging, gather in the land's increase,  
 'Mid ten thousand harvests fringing margins of the inland seas.  
 Creed no barrier here imposes, to inclose the questioning soul;  
 Law each civil right incloses with an all-sufficient mole.

The gray East gleams cold and palely; chaunts the North his hoarsest psalm;  
 And the Briton beats reveille o'er thy pointed dust, MONTCALM!  
 But thy worth thy fate transcending, tells the shaft that marks thy fall;  
 And chivalry with conquest blending, Albion shares the day with Gaul.

In that charnel minster hoary, thick with mural tablets set,  
 Where with time-augmented glory SHAKESPEARE palls PLANTAGENET;  
 'Mid the noble dead bequeathed her by her fields of crimson wreck,  
 England claims the son who wreathed her with the chaplet of Quebec.



## 'EDWARD EVERETT WRITES FOR BONNER.'

OUR friends the ancient Greeks — on the whole a judicious and respectable people — were strongly of the opinion that honorable interment was the happiest lot of mortals — *καλῶς καὶ μεγαλυνπρεπῶς ταφῆναι*, as Plato has it. Hence, when they had 'done for' an outside barbarian, they always buried, with profound respect, his fortunate remains; and though Young Hopeful might break the paternal heart by his wild behavior, he always took good care to save papa's corse from the devouring dogs and raging vultures; to put an obolus into its mouth; to mask it and perfume it and crown it with flowers, and dress it splendidly; to furnish it with a moderate supply of honey-cake, and bury it or burn it as soon as possible — haste in such matters being pleasing to the defunct, and no doubt agreeable to survivors. After a dead Grecian was well buried, his tomb remained the inviolable property of the family, selling the family vault not having at that time come into fashion. On the contrary, the greatest care was taken of the sacred spot, and it was kept well furnished with milk, honey, water, olives, wine, and flowers. And whoever wishes to know further of these interesting matters may consult Stackleberg's *Die Gräber der Hellenen* — a book which we never saw and never want to see, but of which, in our opinion, a fine copy should be at once presented to Mr. John A. Washington. *He* evidently knows now the market value of bones; and has only taken scant care of his illustrious kinsman's remains, because he could not foresee their present importance. Had he but known to what a prodigious market he would in time fetch them, he might at least have taken as much care of them as an amateur of horses takes of the door which guards his stable. As it is, when the tomb is delivered to the Mount Vernon Association, we think that Mr. John A. Washington should warrant and defend a perfect and entire skeleton. If we contribute to the purchase, we desire to be assured that the tomb, while in the custody of Mr. John, has not been violated; that some enterprising Yankee has not carried off the revered *tibia* of *Pater Patriæ*, or is not now in possession of his false teeth. We should deal with Mr. Washington as we would deal with any other curiosity man, and demand guaranty that we got what we bargained for. Don't talk to us of the inviolability of the tomb! Well do we remember to have seen in the custody of a showman, who hung upon the heels of a perambulatory menagerie, certain mummies which might have been those of Memnon or Pharaoh, for most of the nobility of Egypt has, thanks to the reverent Belzoni, been carted about Europe, or found repose only in Museums. Cobbett caused Tom Paine's bones to be made into buttons, and wore them upon festive

occasions. Not many years ago Milton's hair, cut from his '*caput mortuum*' was quite a drug in the curiosity-market of London. Leigh Hunt came into possession of a lock, and of course constructed a sonnet upon the capillary treasure, it being his wont to write fourteen lines upon every interesting object or occasion. Every body remembers the beautiful package of bones from Themopylæ presented to Sir Walter Scott by my Lord Byron. Only a few months ago some body carried off half a yard of Pizzaro's shroud; and presented the same with a long epistle to the Michigan Historical Society, in the collection of which the pleasing cloth is now preserved, until some other enterprising thief again 'prigs' it. No wonder the talented Shakspeare left a special d — inscribed upon his monument against any one who should 'bone' his bones. If the trade which Mr. John A. Washington, as a humble follower of Mr. Crook, has revived — Mr. Crook who had sacks of fine ladies' hair in his warehouse — is to flourish, we must act cautiously, for all manner of Jewry will be in the market, with a glut of celebrated skeletons, until the heroic bones of the age will become merchandise as dubious as Mr. Barnum's mastodons and megatheriums. We do not want any medullary humbug. The bones, all the bones, and nothing but the bones! If we cannot buy safely a barrel of beef or beer or flour without inspection, are we to grow careless when we come to sepulchres? We do not say that Mr. John A. Washington has been secretly in the market before. But *caveat emptor* is a good rule. And as other distinguished mausoleums, with their pious and precious contents, will soon be offered, and as the rendition of the commander-in-chief may be followed by the rendition of all manner of brigadiers, colonels, majors, and corporals, and as thus the whole thing may become a regular traffic, we must have inspectors, since it would not be at all impossible for some Yankee to be offering the skeleton of Ethan Allen in Georgia and some other Yankee to be offering the skeleton of Ethan Allen Number Two in New-York.

There are those who are inconsiderate or unkind enough to blame Mr. John A. Washington for the part which he has taken in this little transaction, and he is unthinkingly or captiously blamed for embarking in such a business. But Mr. Washington, as Mr. Everett informs us, is exceedingly poor. If he were able, he would keep the bones and the acres and the mansion. But he is very much in the condition of the spendthrift who with many tears 'spouts' the locket containing his mother's hair, and who blubbers over the beef and beer which he is thus enabled to purchase. We should pity Mr. John A. Washington very much indeed — we pity him just a little now — if we had ever heard that by honest effort, by good manly digging, or in any earnest way he was trying to keep the family bones in the family.

Perhaps we have no very extraordinary respect for our ancestors, especially as we do not precisely know who they were; but if we did know never so well, and had all their bones in a hogshead, and bones had 'riz,' and we were in a condition of indurated loftiness, (*Angl.* 'hard up,') we do not think that we should be in the market. We have been offered twenty-five cents, by a peripatetic furniture-dealer, for our grand-mother's arm-chair, and have spurned the bribe. But if absolutely obliged to sell, we would prove our love and respect for the old lady — who was a generous and honorable soul — by letting the venerable seat go at a fair price. It seems to us — we say it with all due respect for one who has great blood in his veins — but it really seems to us that Mr. John A. Washington is a little too sharp. The bones, considered as bones, belong just as much to the nation as they belong to him, although he unfortunately has possession. The house is his house, and the land is his land. If he cannot afford to keep either — and we are told that he cannot — we do not see why he should not sell both at their market value. The name of Washington, which gives a factitious value to this property, is already the property of the nation, and why should the nation be compelled to purchase what is already its own, and that too at an exorbitant price? The question, it seems to us, is not of what the nation would be willing to pay, for to that there could be no limit; but of what in equity Mr. Washington should ask? He is not precisely in the position to play the romantic, or the tender, or the pious. Once having made up his mind to sell, he should sell upon reasonable terms. Other men in the same position in which he is, quite as poor, and even poorer, would have felt a glow of generous enthusiasm; would have rejoiced in the opportunity of making some sacrifice; would have fixed a moderate price, and would then have abated something, as their contribution to the national ovation. Not so Mr. John A. Washington. He higgles for sixpences, and will not bate jot or tittle of the cash agreed upon. Perhaps he puts a high value upon the agonies which will wring his manly bosom when, with a bleeding heart and a full pocket, he parts with the ancestral acres. He may at some future period intend to dilate with the most expensive emotions — particularly if he is obliged to throw in any cocked-hats, old regimentals, and rusty swords — but at present he seems to be in a singularly stolid frame of mind.

Just now, nobody seems to be particularly rapturous, save Mr. Robert Bonner, whose name, we suppose, is in some wise the comparative of *bonus*, and who is evidently familiar with the cabalistic phrase of 'going it better,' sometimes used in Temples of Fortune, when the fascinating game of 'brag' is upon the green cloth. If any body had told Mr. Robert Bonner, only a little while ago, that in addition to Mr. Cobb

he would procure as a contributor to *The Ledger* the Hon. Edward Everett, late Professor of Greek in Harvard University, late Pastor of the Brattle-street Church in Boston, late Secretary of State, late Minister to England, late United States Senator, late Governor of Massachusetts, and late editor of *The North-American Review*, Mr. Bonner, albeit of a hopeful nature, would have smiled with incredulity. 'T is a curious concatenation of events which has introduced the cold and unimpassioned Everett to the romantic pages of that wonderful sheet, or rather to those wonderful sheets, within which he is now safely tucked, with such company as no Greek Professor ever kept before: with 'Parsons turned Pirates,' with 'Max of the Bloody Hand,' or 'Tom of the Ensanguined Nose,' or 'Bill of the Fractured Cranium,' or 'The Pirate's Mistress,' or 'The Miser's Oath,' or 'The Hour of Doom.'

We do not mean to say that Mr. Cobb's romances are not exceedingly good, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, thrilling. Our knowledge of them is confined, we confess, principally to the wooden illustrations; and we can lay our hand upon the proper side of our waistcoat, and honestly declare, that those works of art *are* thrilling to a degree. But notwithstanding Mr. Bonner may publish fifty thousand columns of cards, proving to his own satisfaction that it is perfectly natural for Mr. Everett to 'write for Bonner;' yet every body who knows any thing about the matter, knows that Mr. Everett was never in *such* company before. We do not mean to say that it is not good company — excellent company, of the kind — but not such company as Mr. Everett has been in the habit of keeping. Suppose that Lord Palmerston, for the benefit of the Ragged Schools, should agree to write romances for the Hollywell-street dealers. Suppose Lord John Russell, for the benefit of the one-legged Crimean heroes, should become a regular contributor to the *London Dispatch*. Would there not be 'a precious row' in literary and fashionable circles? We know that Mr. Bonner has spared no expense in expressing his indignation that people and newspapers should make 'odorous' comparisons. But Mr. Bonner's wrath would not alter the fact, and will only silence those newspapers in which Mr. Bonner advertises. When this announcement was made, why did people laugh, and sneer, and gape with incredulity? Was it because Mr. Everett had become a contributor to a newspaper? Mr. Everett has for years been an occasional contributor to newspapers, and nobody laughed. Mr. Everett has for years occasionally contributed to periodicals, and nobody laughed. What did the merry ones laugh at? Mr. Bonner may not know; but others are wiser. It was, in spite of its immense circulation, and in spite of his furious protestations, *The Ledger* is not a paper in which people expected to meet Mr. Everett, the orator, the scholar, and the essayist. If they had expected it, they would not have laughed. It

would be very absurd to say that some respectable people do not write for Bonner; but they are not people of Mr. Everett's class. Otherwise, nobody would have laughed, and nobody would have wondered.

It is not to be supposed, of course, that Mr. Everett will emulate Mr. Cobb. What he writes 'for Bonner' will be characterized by good taste, good sense, and good scholarship. But the main question is, whether Mr. Everett's contributions will be particularly pleasing to Mr. Bonner's subscribers. We wish to do this large and highly respectable class no injustice. We can only say, that if they relish the pabulum heretofore set before them, we do not well see how they can relish Mr. Everett, who may be incapable of writing them up to his standard, and who is equally incapable of writing himself down to theirs. And if the ex-Senator and ex-Minister should bore the Bonnerians, as possibly he may, they will quietly transfer their subscriptions to some other paper, and may leave the enterprising Bonner out of pocket by the operation. What will Mr. Everett do then? Will he write Mount Vernon papers for Smith Brothers? Will he write Mount Vernon papers for Dr. Brandreth? Will he write Mount Vernon papers for Knox the hatter? And will not the end justify the means? May he not make 'his first appearance upon any stage' at some of the minor theatres? Agree to play 'Macbeth,' or sing the rôle of Fernando, in *La Favorita*?

The rescue of Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington from their present possessor, is a pretty serious business. It should have been done long ago, by the Government. Failing the Government, it should have been done by the spontaneous and dignified contributions of the people. Failing these, it will be done in a way far beneath the sublime purpose, and will be, we fear, forever mixed up with reminiscences of meanness and traditions of charlatany. In saying this, we would not be understood to reflect upon the generous and noble efforts of our American women. There was a great work to do; and if we have left that work to our matrons and our virgins, perhaps it does not become us to be too critical concerning the means, ways, and method. We shall be proud to see the labor nobly consummated, and especially proud to find it accomplished by our fairest and most virtuous.

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ON A MERRY FELLOW.

'I LAUGH,' a would-be-sapient cried,  
'At every one who laughs at me.'  
'Good LORD!' a sneering friend replied,  
'How very merry you must be.'

## A Q U I E T P I C T U R E .

The shifting shadows lay  
In changing quaintness on the bare white floor,  
Creeping in softly through the open door,  
In a still, drowsy way,  
Coming through mazes of the ivy-vines  
That fall in shapeless masses from the pines.

The fire-light gay and bright,  
With cheery blushes for its ruddy charms,  
Steals trembling from the old hearth's huge black arms,  
Where, in their own rich light,  
The giant logs in splendor fall away  
In glowing shapes among the ashes gray.

The baby on the floor,  
With tiny hands closed o'er her pearly toes,  
Watches the fire-blaze as it comes and goes,  
And wonders more and more  
Whence comes the red light on the snowy feet,  
And strives to catch it in her fingers sweet.

The happy mother sits  
With folded hands, her weary work all done,  
With the last smiling of the harvest sun ;  
And lists, her eyes love-lit,  
To the low prattle of her eldest born,  
Whose cheek is dewy as the early morn.

In homespun garb of gray,  
The father sitting by the window wide  
Unfolds his paper with an honest pride ;  
And, in his homely way,  
Reads of the pomp of state — its wealth and art —  
With scarce one envious longing in his heart.

Upon the lowly steps  
The grandame watches for the coming moon,  
While murmurs of some half-remembered tune  
Drop from her faded lips ;  
She dreams again of olden days more fair,  
Nor marks the shadows flitting o'er her hair.

O baby, glad with play !  
O mother, knowing not the heart's recoil !  
O father, wearied only by your toil !  
O grandame, old and gray !  
Would that the quiet of your day's decline  
Might hush the throbbing of this life of mine !



## THE GREAT BATTLE OF GABRIEL.

FROM hawking his wares through highways, and from house to house, Gabriel Benjamin at last found himself in a condition where he could choose in regard to his manner of dealing with the public.

He had been twenty years in business, and was still hardly thirty years of age when he retired to his chosen ground behind shop-doors, shop-windows, and a counter. His name went down in the directory, and up among the signs—he was a fact among pawnbrokers.

To this end he had lived; and if just here he had dropped into the oblivion of death, some body might have said of him, with perfect truth, as men say of each other, on variety's various occasions, 'he has made his mark.' In that he survived the triumph of that installation among silversmiths and brokers, I am here the recorder of struggles far more desperate than a starving body's frantic fight for bread.

Gabriel had scuffled, manœuvred, and worried to keep the vital spark alive, during his first half-score of years, struggling like a madman to preserve that only treasure of which he stood possessed. He struggled without reason. No one had told him of the 'river whose waters make glad the city of our God;' he shrunk instinctively from the mute darkness of death: that is the most to be said of the circumstance of his first ten years.

Some person at length taking compassion on the boy, set him up in business—a little tin box supplied with a dozen brass thimbles, a dozen German silver ditto, several dozen pewter rings, a small assortment of needles, pins, and tapes—with these things he was put in motion, and he kept to the business with perseverance, as his only chance of life.

The inhabitants of certain localities learned at length to look for his appearing as they looked for the birds of spring. Gabriel became the pet of dealers who sold to him—he was profitable to them; and women and girls, his customers, paid a compliment to his beauty, in its extraordinary type—he was an unmitigated Jew—and to his taste in choice of goods: they seldom failed in wants, and their confidence in the taste of Gabriel was unvarying and unusual.

The lad having grown up so at random, had a certain advantage in the obscurity of his parentage. No taint or stain he may have inherited could possibly be laid to his charge. The world was not more oblivious of the lost tribes, than of his father and his mother. He, and he only, stood for himself responsible. The dreary condemnation, 'His father was so before him,' 'what more can you expect?' was never to dishearten Gabriel, who had surely shadows enough of his own casting, without an added gloom from the lives of others. He

alone, then, of all the world, knew his ground, position, and prospects. No faster than he chose, could his career be known. He was bound in no direction by the discovered and the familiar.

The manners of the youth were insinuating, perhaps obsequious, certainly full of conciliation: his voice had all this in its tones; he could make his way without a prize-fighter's certificate. His profile and his character were true to the ancient people. Usually he was fair and just in his dealings; but he had that quality of mind which enabled him to see at once through any scheme that affected his interests; and sometimes he allowed his customer success in a design where veracity and disinterestedness were compromised; but Gabriel seldom suffered loss by such allowance. He had learned tricks in the highways and hedges.

It ought not to be esteemed strange by any reader, of whatever class or habit, that Gabriel's liberty of conscience was exceedingly broad; that he should actually come to hold that the clear profit made out of nothing, was to him as honorable gain as the moderate per centage received on ordinary sales. His notions of right and wrong in these matters, had sprung out of his experiences. He had not studied in his babyhood the gilded letters of the Golden Rule. Many a time this youth had gone hungry to bed, after a day of ill-paid foot and brain-work. He could make more money sometimes by a trick than by open dealing. Money stood for clothes and bread. Was he to blame, if his conscience worked awry, or would not work at all? He had only himself to live for, and he hated poverty, though it seemed to be his native element. For our human nature's sake, I will ask here—let him that can answer—What were the foregoing circumstances of that culprit, who heard ONE saying to him on the great day of the Ages, when, may be for the first time, conscience spoke to him with an intelligible voice: 'To-day shalt thou be with ME in Paradise'?

Gabriel loathed the coarse dress, and the coarse food and mean lodging. He wanted more than any thing, comfort, order, cleanliness. His personal cleanliness, the orderly manner in which his goods were kept, the character of the goods when he was at length enabled to exercise a choice in their selection, the perfumes with which he illustrated and embellished himself on Saturdays, his contemplations in the neighborhood of flourishing establishments, public or private, betrayed him to others, and himself. With these strong tastes and tendencies, and a moral sense that was apparently dormant, could you expect of him high-toned integrity of action?

Gabriel had no vicious tastes, that made themselves manifest in rioting or drunkenness. Not the steam of restaurants, nor the tempting displays in the windows of confectioners, won a halfpence from

him, or a sigh, or a longing look. He could have lived on eggs and bread and cheese, the whole year round. Except in this business of trading, he allowed himself no license. To all the ordinary requirements of his people, he gave such heed as a true son should do.

Though I say he had prospered in his business, no one will infer, that when Gabriel Benjamin entered his shop as the proprietor of whatever was found therein, he was a man of wealth. So far from that, in the rent of the room, in his goods and furniture, he had expended all his earnings, and whether he was to live any longer, he said to himself in solemn conference, depended on himself first, and secondly on his customers.

He was barely settled in these quarters, when the block of handsome buildings in which he had ventured to rent that single room, with its handsome fixtures, doors, and windows, was burnt to the ground, and with the much of others, his mite was lost beyond recovery.

But Gabriel had quitted the highway forever. So he decided, when he considered his misfortune. He must still have a pawnbroker's shop. Little mention was made of Gabriel in the statement of losses, and comment thereon; but few men were greater sufferers, or bore up more courageously. From the survey of desolation, where yesterday so much beauty and pride had been, he went down into the street, whose odors and sights and sounds were loathsome to him; and there he opened his pawnbroker's shop, resolved that he would not starve on a meal a week, if that was all his income would afford.

Soon he began to traffic in small wares again; and by his percentage and the sale of such goods as were not redeemed at their appointed time, he was able gradually to enlarge his stock.

He could accommodate himself to circumstances, he informed the girls and women who had lately seen him in his fine establishment. They believed him when he said it, and encouraged him with their free-spoken words; then he would smile upon them: he never complained — he was too proud, perhaps; but surely too expectant. Thus he sailed through storms, with an oar in his right hand.

One rainy evening at a late hour, when about to close the shop and retire to his bed under the counter, Gabriel heard a voice in the street saying, 'Open — quick!' and at the same moment there was an attempt to lift the latch of his door; but it was already barred.

'Who's there?' asked Gabriel, before he removed the bar.

'Open, and you'll see!' replied a voice; and forthwith the pawnbroker answered the demand. He had heard like tones in voices before now, and there was something in the man that refused to hear them coldly.

'Clear your shop,' said the stranger the instant he stood before Gabriel. 'I want to see you alone.'

Gabriel assured the gentleman it would be impossible for him to be more alone. Whereupon he said, doubting: 'Sure?'

'Take the lamp, and look about,' was the reply Gabriel deigned to give; and he held the lamp toward the stranger, a young, fair-haired, handsome lad, foppishly dressed and foolishly disposed, by the unvarying indications.

Instead of taking the lamp, the stranger sat down by the stove and warmed his hands. Gabriel remained standing, deferring all curiosity to the will of the stranger. He had never before such a customer, if this person really came on any business-errand.

'I want to effect a loan,' the youth began. He smiled as he spoke, apparently at himself, and his language: 'You're a pawnbroker. You're Benjamin, I believe?'

'Yes.'

'Gabriel Benjamin?'

'The same.'

'An honest fellow, they tell me.'

'So, so.'

'Ah! that's all? I like that, any how. You won't cheat me of more than half.'

'What may you please to want?'

'Just so. But what is your deuced hurry? This fire is very comfortable. It warms me.'

'It is growing late, Sir. I shut my shop at this hour.'

'Shut it, then, by all means. The closer the better. I shall know I am safe in here, if that bar is put up again. If I could sit here all night, I should rest better than — than I do every night.'

'You can sit awhile, and rest, Sir. As you say, I'll shut the shop.'

'Yes, do,' said the young man, and he drew his chair nearer the little stove, with its handful of red coals, and shook as if chilled through and through.

'You are a pawnbroker,' said he, when, Gabriel's work being done, he came and sat down also by the stove.

'That's my business, Sir,' said Gabriel; and he looked around the shop, on its well-filled shelves, with a very different expression from that with which the stranger had just made a like observation.

'My name is Staupitz, Philip Staupitz. I have a watch here. It cost a small fortune. You must let me have five hundred dollars on it: it's worth four times as much. You see these diamonds: they are pure. I want the money for to-morrow. I must have it, Benjamin, or I'm ruined. Ruined! I believe I'm that already; but I want to keep my self-respect a little longer, if that's possible. There's no use talking. What can you do for me, Benjamin?'

Gabriel had been examining the watch, while Staupitz, as the man

called himself, talked on. He had satisfied himself that the diamonds were pure, and of great value: his dealings with men enabled him to decide to his own satisfaction in respect to this stranger. He could trust him, and his story.

Hitherto he had not been patronized by men of precisely his stamp and evident standing. It would certainly be to his interest to find favor with such customers — always in difficulty, always in need of help.

Gabriel, therefore, after a little hesitation, named the rate of percentage required for the money. The offer he made was so fair and honorable, that Staupitz was surprised, and silly enough to say: 'I thought you were a Jew.'

'You thought well,' was the answer.

'I congratulate the tribes, then, the whole twelve, wherever they may be. Let me see the five hundred dollars you'll lend me till to-morrow, for I think I must be off.'

'Stay where you are to-night,' said Gabriel. 'You had better. If you go out, you will lose your money.'

'None of that,' answered the young man haughtily.

Gabriel, content with having spoken his warning, went behind the counter, and looked into the box where he kept his money. He knew to a fraction the sum of the treasure now on hand; but nevertheless seemed to express surprise at the result of his investigation. When he returned to the stove, it was not with the air of a man who expects to be robbed; there was naturally nothing sly and stealthy in his movements; had there been, it must have now appeared, when he closed the lid of his strong-box on the ten dollars which he meant to retain.

The gold pieces were given into the hands of the young man, who counted them.

'What do you mean?' he asked, before the counting was half done.

'There are two hundred dollars,' answered Gabriel.

'Two hundred! I said five.'

'It's all I have to-night.'

'Nonsense: do n't try to make me believe it.'

Gabriel bowed, and extended his right hand: he would take back the money, and the stranger might look further.

But the young man was in no haste. He believed evidently in the art of persuasion; and his need was so urgent, that he tried it on Gabriel. But the Jew answered: 'I have told you truth. To save my life, I could n't help you more than two hundred dollars' worth to-night.'

'It's a drop in the bucket. Five hundred would be; but five hundred might answer.'

The Jew seemed impatient; but he sat down by the stove without

expressing his real thought. And there they remained five minutes in silence.

Then Staupitz rose up.

'Benjamin,' said he, 'I almost believe you.'

'Those who know me go further,' was the answer. 'It's getting late, Sir. Do you want those two hundred?'

'Gabriel, say five,' entreated the young man.

Gabriel was startled: the faltering voice of this stranger, his evident and increasing distress appealed to him. He said: 'I've told you the truth. What can I do? . . . (he paused.) I can try and borrow three hundred, if *your* credit is gone. Shall I try?'

'Yes, yes! Can't you see that every thing's at stake with me? The fact is, I've just two hours; and I've got to make up my mind whether I'll live or die before they're up. Go and borrow the money, if you're a Christian.'

The Jew looked at Staupitz with a strange smile.

'Wait here,' said he. And he left the young man alone, with instructions that he should bar the door after him, and not think it strange if he were gone more than a minute.

Ten minutes indeed elapsed — fifteen — before he came back.

'I managed it,' said he, before Staupitz could ask the question. 'You will have to pay a good per centage to cover my risk.'

'Any thing,' was the quick response. 'You've saved my life this time; you ought to sleep well. Get out your papers, and I won't bother you any longer.'

The money was again counted; then the account-book was brought out, the entry made, the receipts given, the engagement signed.

As soon as Staupitz had transferred the watch in its fine white leather case to Benjamin, he arose, shook out the folds of his cloak, wrapped it around him, and assuring Gabriel that he should hear from him next day, waited till he should unbar the door.

When he was gone, Gabriel sat down by the stove again. He did not disturb the watch in its case for the sake of one more glance at the splendor of the diamonds. He was not even calculating per centage. He was meditating on the case of the young man, and it was not difficult for him to fashion incidents to fit these points of the career which had come under his observation.

This, I said, was his first dealing with a man of station far above his own. But his power of observation was not here at fault. He was quite sure that the watch would not be called for on the morrow.

Gabriel went to bed in good spirits. The door that separated him from the higher walks of life was open; if the perfume streaming through lured him into a long dream, gay and fortunate according to his hope in days when he scorned to dream, what man will despise the



wild flower that puts on a richer tint of golden hue or purple, because a sun-beam falls upon it when a kind wind lifts the leaves?

Days passed on, a month of them, and, as Gabriel prophesied, the watch was still uncalled for.

The Jew was never idle, and was adding to the sources of his wealth by every ingenious device his fancy could suggest and his means make practicable. He had facilities for doing a jeweller's cheap work. With colored stones, lead seals, rings, brooches in his hands, he could turn out a fair show of 'superior articles,' such as pays the maker a hundred per cent, without inflicting criminal injustice on any party concerned.

One morning Gabriel bought a bag of brilliants, and through several succeeding days of stormy winter weather he was occupied in disposing, in various ways, of the showy paste. It occurred that day to him, while he sat singing over his work, to compare his diamonds with those precious stones in the watch of Staupitz, which was still unclaimed. But before he removed the watch from its case he calculated the interest due on the five hundred dollars in which the young man stood indebted to him; and, though he had often computed it, he was surprised now to ascertain the amount of his wealth. Elated as well as surprised, another kind of experiment suggested itself to him. His movements were now so rapid that a looker-on could have seen in them no trace of hesitation. His acts betrayed, no doubt, no disturbance; it seemed, and indeed was so, that the entire man was acting with one consent and to one purpose. What he did was this: removing from the watch a diamond, he replaced it by a brilliant, and no ordinary examination could expose the substitution.

He surveyed his work carefully when all was done—a little anxiously, it now appeared. Then, without pause in his activity, for his brain had all this while been working faster than his hands, he brought from his show-case an old ring, and removing the ruby, which was surrounded by a circle of jets, he reset the diamond. He worked so deftly that the work seemed almost to have been done by magic.

It was late in the evening when Gabriel Benjamin sat working thus; and at his toil, thus occupied, he did not look like a villain.

This work he did, will not strike all with an equal strangeness. It needs no apology! He was making an experiment merely. So he said to himself, and it must be here repeated for him. He was thinking of his neighbor, the lapidary, concerning whose skill he had, on important occasions, felt some doubt, and he wished fairly and finally to test it. In some transactions with this neighbor he believed he had been unjustly dealt by, and he wanted evidence—not for the sake of vengeance, or of judgment, but merely for the fair play of the future.

Gabriel was not vindictive : he had no disposition to over-reach ; yet, as was stated, he had learned some tricks in the highways and hedges.

He carried the ring next morning to his neighbor the lapidary, who examined it with considerable curiosity, and when Gabriel expressed his doubts as to the purity of the diamond, was not a little amused by the ignorance of the pawnbroker, and attested his own willingness to purchase the ring, naming a price that astonished Gabriel, that even made him hesitate.

The lapidary perceiving this, named a yet higher sum, and said that the diamond was worth to him precisely that, but not a farthing more. By this time Gabriel's surprise had given place to caution, perhaps some better principle. 'The ring is forfeited,' said he, 'but the owner set a high price on it ; and I promised myself to keep it as long as I could afford. If it is not called for within the month, you shall have it at the price you named.'

Without further words he went back to his shop, and the lapidary, much given to imaginations, wondered what might be the story of that antiquated ring, whose diamond he coveted.

Gabriel returned to his counter, and restoring the diamond and the ruby to their respective places, resumed his work in the gilding of pewter and lead, content, you would have thought, with the small line of his legitimate traffic. But not so ; a serpent had bitten him, and the poison was in his blood. He knew no remedy for such a poison ; he might have laughed at a warning, but his eyes betrayed the fever.

He began to look, with expectation that was void of desire, when he walked through crowded streets, but his eyes never fell on the face of Philip Staupitz. He overlooked newspaper items and all advertisements to find that name ; the list of deaths and marriages had one 'constant reader.' But the face and name of Staupitz, so far as he could discover, had passed utterly away from the remembrances of men.

Since the watch was left with Gabriel the country had been drained of its waifs, and a barren land, as by magic, populated — gold-digging, and all manner of speculation, being the sum of its industry. Doubtless, said Gabriel, he too was carried away, as by a flood. But he found it not quite easy to act on that conclusion. The watch, with its diamonds inviolate, was still in his hands.

But as, in quest of Staupitz, he now and then, at favorable moments, even at the risk of impairing his business by closed doors, walked in the most frequented streets, he was exposed to more than a human influence. The good neighborhood had, to his sensitive taste, uncontrolled attractions. Handsome shops with their fine display, made him seem mean and poor, and even worse, suspicious. Well-dressed people, pleasant sights for the eyes that preferred them, were to be seen

here in every direction. Place among these, custom of these, Gabriel Benjamin coveted.

And, to come back to Staupitz, as often in calculation Gabriel came back to him, since he was such a youth, and attached such value to his watch as he did, and yet failed in the promised return for his property's redemption — the prospect of his return from becoming less and less, dwindled to a mere shadow, and so of course, passed out of calculation.

Then the business of disposing of his property took a new form and aspect. Men amassed wealth by speculation, argued Gabriel; they ventured then, sometimes all they had, and often greatly more. Their capital was not always their own, they risked the estates of others, despised trusts, made light of obligations, defrauded, swindled, built grand mansions, and sustained the Church and the state, with an uncertain hand and an uncertain magnetism, sure only of the necessities of desperation; as ready to stand surety for the universe as for one man, in the audacity of their daring, if the universe would only take their note.

Gabriel proposed no such achievements. He would merely make use of the property in his hands, turn it to good account.

Thus he came to replace diamonds with brilliants, to astonish lapidaries, to rent new premises, and work on in a manner, under forms which his self-respect seemed to require.

In that he *hesitated* before he came to exhibition of his prosperity, Gabriel might have been a marvel to himself, as I am well persuaded he shall seem to some who look into these pages; for there is no one that believes in all the fair shows he meets. Accidental rubs will betray sometimes the substance that has been whitewashed most carefully; and let the heart be but intense enough, paint will blister and reveal what it was meant to cover.

During the summer succeeding his removal into the new shop, Gabriel married a young daughter of Israel, handsome, as any one who knew the pawnbroker might have foretold, for his eyes always felt first the power of that which could attract him, and then his heart; and he did not rest till he had won Rebecca. In this also he had calculated well. His business was now so prosperous, he was not afraid that any want or grief would befall those who should henceforth depend upon him. His strong-box was growing heavy with treasure, and to men of the Staupitz stand and associations he was no longer unknown. He carried about with him strange and important secrets, and never violated confidence; secrets imparted to him in the recklessness of danger, were sacred to the man. His patrons said, 'One honest Jew is in the world,' and he was a 'good fellow,' if you would believe them.

None could confide in him more entirely than his wife. And all their trust could never inspire him with half the pride he felt in hers. He had obtained a place and a position in which he could hardly believe, when he looked upon himself as such a woman's husband.

There is much sentiment expressed in print which is not received with reverence in these days. You will find any where dastardly young spirits, male and female, who not only disavow all faith in superior virtue, but who have sometimes succeeded well in laughing you out of all belief in at least their own humanity. For such readers no more tales of love can be written forever. Let them flourish on their husks, and do their proper works.

For them I do not point to this bright passage in the life of Gabriel, nor say how proud and rich he was in his young wife; how his thought was to please her; how cheerfully and diligently he labored, that all her days might be holidays, none for fast or mourning. Her approval was something finer and better than he had ever aspired after until he saw her, then could he for the first time understand such emotions and desires and deservings.

When he looked into the gallery on the Jews' sabbath-day from his pew on the floor below, he saw no face so beautiful as hers. She was home to him long before he ventured to imagine her seated in the same room, at the same table, by the same fire, with him. She had been in the habit of bringing embroideries and paper flowers to sell in his shop, she made it garden-like for gayety with her pretty goods. These business relations with her, as purchaser of her skilful labors, and counsellor in various devices for fancy goods, had continued for some time before he thought of any other. And when he did think of other relation, sordid calculation did not discolor or curtail the limits of the fine imagining.

They were married one bright, warm day in spring, and lived now in the building opposite the pawnbroker's shop.

The business of the watch had almost slipped out of the mind of Gabriel. Sometimes when recalling for his wife events of his early life, he would come to a point in the history to which she always liked to listen, and which she could never hear without wonder, so wonderful to her seemed the career of Gabriel; he would come to a point, I say, which he found it impossible to pass, and there he always stopped; and it pleased him to persuade her that indeed the climax of his story was with her — that he came to dry land from long voyaging when he saw her standing on the shore.

It pleased her to believe this. She loved Gabriel well enough to make it credible to her. And it so much moved her, that to fall short in any way of this his hope, or rather expectation, was beyond her will or power.

To their honor I record it. Much as Gabriel had seen of knavery, trickery, coarseness, falsehood, deviltry, in the world, he believed in his wife. Hard as her fate had been, the girl believed in Gabriel. She saw with pride how upright, how honorable he was, and the sort of confidence he had succeeded in establishing in the minds of those who dealt with him. But in the good opinion he had won of others, there was not perfect satisfaction in the estimate of Gabriel. There was one point of his history he would choose no man should know, but which all the world, rather than his Rebecca, should know.

When troubled, as sometimes he was, though less and less, and at longer intervals, he would say to himself that certainly the diamonds should in good time be restored all to their proper place. But the good time, the favorable season, when he could easily afford to withdraw from various investments sums sufficient for the restoration, became from delay exceedingly improbable of realization.

Children were added to our Gabriel's household, joys and cares; and there were unprospered years, as well as those in which fortune favored him. Gales that swept sea and land to the consternation of many and the ruin of some, left him not unaffected; there were years when the sun was chary of its enlivening influences, when disaster and confusion, disease and distress prevailed. Gabriel was a man among others, and often felt with others, that his feet were set in slippery places.

It became in short, with the passage of time, and with changing circumstances, less and less probable that the restitution the man had proposed would ever be made. As his children's years increased came a new ambition to him, as new to him as if in him for a first time the power and freedom of fatherhood were known on the earth. Feelings, emotions, aspirations, that animated the lives of ten thousand, thousand men, became as the breath of life to Gabriel.

It was long since he and happiness were strangers; and no duty could ever press upon him with the weight of his first acknowledged duty, when his wife and he became the acknowledged sum of all things to each other. The world is created once for every man.

Undisturbed the watch in its pure white case was lying, while Gabriel's fine black hair turned to an iron gray, while the things that are made were shaken.

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It is safe to say that Gabriel had quite forgotten the diamonds, and Master Staupitz, when Philip, gray and worn, one evening broke in haste upon the happy family circle in their pleasant parlor, within the unpromising brick walls opposite the pawnbroker's handsome shop.

A spirit from Hades could hardly have surprised, could hardly have shocked him more.

Pushing his way past the servant to the room from which the lamp-light streamed brightly, Staupitz laid his hand on Gabriel's shoulder and said, while his quick eyes took in the whole of the lovely circle, Rebecca's dignity, her daughter's fair girlhood, and the son's noble promise, he understood the signs of Gabriel's prosperity while he said: 'I have n't a minute to lose. I am on a journey. Have you kept the watch, or can I find it any where?'

'You are late,' said Benjamin briefly.

'Too late?' and a look of sharp anguish flashed from the eyes of Staupitz.

'No,' said Benjamin, rising quickly; he was not proof against that look; and he had confidence in his brilliants.

'Oh! then you have kept it!'

'Safe, and running from that hour to this.'

Gabriel had lighted his lantern while he spoke, and now he led the way from the house across the street, leaving behind him his admiring wife and children. From the strong-box in his shop he produced the watch.

'The very case!' exclaimed Staupitz, in a tone that any man could have understood for the excess of its surprise and delight. He laid the watch in his bosom, and secured it as a treasure precious beyond price — beyond the price of diamonds — then said: 'I have n't a minute to ask you how you are, or how you've prospered, but my eyes tell me. I am coming back, then you must tell me all your happy story, Gabriel, dear friend. The God of Abraham and of Isaac bless you, prince of brokers that you are!'

He took the hand of Gabriel, and shook it with a vehemence that brought tears to the pawnbroker's eyes, and then left him on the sidewalk to his own deductions.

'He looks prosperous,' thought Gabriel. 'Friend! he called me. If the brilliants — pooh!'

Not many days had passed when this Philip Staupitz returned to town to make his abode there; and a strange intimacy sprung up between the Christian and the Jew. What delight our friend had in it, was of a singular description. Staupitz, by his gratitude, his generous frankness, his genial conversation, fascinated Gabriel. He was flattered by the deference paid him by the gentleman whose unquestioned riches and position made his courtesy an honor and a benefit to any worldly man. All this was apparent, and apparent merely.

By degrees the manner and the measure of the confidence of Staupitz began to trouble Gabriel. Other men dealt with him as a Jew, used and abused him, inviting him to trickery by their expectation.



Other men openly despised him, not for the man's self, not for that by which he was responsible, but for the sake of that which surely never made Jewish Abraham or David to blush : his lineage.

Staupitz trusted him, loved him. There was no possibility of deception here ; the trust and love were manifested in a hundred ways that went straight to the heart of Gabriel, and he began to understand the feeling of that illustrious man who wept for Jonathan.

By-and-by Gabriel began to be conscious of a sense of criminality that seemed to involve every crime forbidden in the decalogue. Then, at whatever hazard, at whatever cost, restitution should be made by him !

He could not bring himself, however, could not by any argument persuade himself to ask Staupitz for the watch. He was afraid to excite suspicion. He began to be oppressed by a dismal suspicion of suspicion, so that at length he could not by accident meet Staupitz without doubting the cheerful word that hailed him. In all their conference he was, to his own observation, a culprit on the eve of arrest. It was the friendly greeting and the trusting smile that pierced his heart and smote his honor to the dust. Though he risked his life, he must obtain the watch.

Yes, he robbed the owner — this time bravely robbed him. By night, like a common thief, he stood in the room of Staupitz ; in the darkness he crept to his bed-side ; from under the pillow of the sleeping man he took the watch and carried it off in safety.

And all that night sat in his shop at work, resetting the diamonds which, with care and pain, at great risk and heavy cost, he had chosen from hundreds for this purpose. Think how he must have worked ! In what silence, with what breathlessness, what celerity ! And the minutes and hours flew. He was working for more than life — for honor, wife, and children — for his Friend. When at last the work was completed, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and drew a breath that indicated his sense of vast relief.

Then he laid himself upon the counter and slept till break of day, as was his habit when any weighty business had kept him late at work. His wife could trust him there or any where.

And even as he expected, before noon next day Staupitz was in the shop — come to acquaint Benjamin with his loss, and to counsel with him as to the course they should pursue.

Gabriel smiled to hear him, and answered by presenting the watch in all its original integrity to the owner.

'Ask me no questions,' said he. 'It's yours. I recognized it at once. One word from me was enough to send the thief flying. And I let him go, for he was one of my own kind, and all Christians are not like you, Staupitz.'

‘You may do as you will,’ was the answer. ‘For aught I know you could work miracles with my watch. It would seem to be your property by the way it comes into your hands. I shall never feel disturbed about it again. It will come to you, sure as it leaves me — and it shall, Gabriel! When your daughter marries I’ll give it to her; I could n’t do more, unless I gave her myself!’

And was Gabriel now at peace?

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ONE day his wife and children went with him to the woods to spend a summer afternoon. Was it the summer brightness, or his children’s beauty, or Rebecca’s loving trust, the delicious odors of the forest, the pure quiet, the recollections of his youth, or the strange solemnity of bird-song and flower-blooming in the splendid wilderness? What and which of these, so wrought upon the man that again and again he said to himself: ‘This night Staupitz shall know all?’

There is a spirit bearing witness with our spirit.

Gabriel would not argue with himself; he had made restitution. Well, restitution went for nothing. The good will and the love of Staupitz had become so precious to him, better risk, oh! better far renounce it than retain it on the present ground! To retain, by virtue of the evil that gained it, was to be dishonest, and dishonored yet and forever. He did not wonder now whether from real ignorance or from noble forbearance Staupitz had been silent. He cared for no knowledge on these points, he cared but to confess.

Therefore at night he sought him; therefore with stern decision, waiving the signs of friendship, he said: ‘Staupitz, about that watch?’

‘Has the child then a lover? Must we think of her portion?’ Ah! so the good friend interpreted that greeting!

‘Nothing of that,’ said Gabriel with gravity.

Then from beginning to end he told the story of the watch; and very manifest he made this fact in all the telling, that with fear and trembling Gabriel Benjamin had worked out his salvation.

With this question he closed: ‘Now, Staupitz, on your honor, did you know of all this?’

‘Yes, Gabriel.’

‘And never gave a sign!’

‘I trusted you!’

‘You trusted me — who had robbed you!’

‘I believed in you, who loved me.’

‘Did you expect this hour?’

‘Yes, I expected it; for you were Gabriel, I knew. And now I question you. Does your wife know of this, Gabriel?’

'My wife!' Gabriel seemed terrified.

'Shall you tell her, then?'

'Tell Rebecca, Staupitz?'

'What do you think, my noble friend?'

Gabriel looked up quickly. There was indeed no scorn in the voice that called him noble friend. None in the eyes whose gaze he met.

'My dear friend,' repeated Staupitz, 'what do you think about it?'

'I have been true to her as the sun is to the day.'

'It would be impossible for her to doubt it.'

'I never deceived her. She says I have been a blessing to her always. I should rob her of what she holds dearest, if I robbed her of trust in me.'

'Before HEAVEN! yes.'

'I cannot do it, Staupitz. I've done you justice, and myself. I cannot humiliate her pride in me — or destroy her love.'

'My brother,' answered the Christian, 'you would be a coward and a villain, if you could. But do you say you have discharged your debt to me? Not so — you owe me perpetual love as I owe you unceasing reverence.'

Then they walked arm in arm under the heavens, yea, whithersoever they would. And the love of Abraham's father, and of HIM who said, 'Before Abraham was I am,' shone from the central heavens to glorify their way. Jew and Christian, not caring to know whether it had been better to give or to receive, for before the eyes of each stood revealed the Perfect Man, and both knew to call HIM 'LOVE.'

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#### MOUNTAIN-TOPS.

ALL day the distant mountain-tops have worn  
A glory caught from the frank August sun,  
Steadfast, serene, unfading: all, save one  
Tall peak, o'er which a storm-cloud seems to mourn,  
Or oftener still, to threaten, as its torn  
And darkened depths, rent by the lightning-bolt,  
Gleam with a terrible glare on heath andholt,  
Piercing the mountain caves and dells forlorn:  
Why wreaks the storm its fury on this height  
Lonely and rugged, of sweet verdure bared?  
'T is that this haughty peak alone has dared  
To tower above its peers to grasp the sky!  
Clouds, and not garlands, gird the brow of Might,  
And barren is all bold supremacy.

## P O T O S I A N A .

THE ingenuity of many of the most pains-taking and most celebrated writers has been exercised in the computation of the wealth which Spain derived from her wonderful possessions on the continents of the two Americas. Ustariz, Moncada, Navarete, Raynal, Robertson, Necker, Gerboux, Humboldt have successively pored over the weary figures that express the awe-inspiring sum ; and we are assured on authority which cannot be impugned, that the metallic wealth received by Spain from America, in the three hundred and eight years intervening between the first landing of Columbus on Guanabani and the commencement of the present century, scarcely fell short of six thousand millions of dollars ! The amount is so gigantic, that the mind is utterly incapable of conceiving, much less of appreciating it. One million, the greatest of living English orators said the other day, is a sum too mighty for human intellect to grasp ; but how much more inconceivable and intangible does the prodigy of figures become, when it is multiplied six thousand times !

And this immensity of riches was derived — whence ? Whence flowed the streams of gold and silver which, united, formed so wonderful a tide ? They rolled in a perpetual and ever-widening current from Mexico and New-Granada, from Chile and Peru ; they flowed from the torrid islands of the West-Indian Ocean, and from the disjointed, straggling Isthmus which lies between the Continents ; the vast ranges of the Cordilleras, probed and pierced and honey-combed with mines, yielded their treasures hidden hitherto from the beginning of the world ; the course of sea-like rivers was troubled with eager search after their deposited sediment and particles and dust of gold ; hapless nations became extinct in rapid following of life on death through their enforced and pitiless toil ; cities were sacked, lands laid waste, peaceful tribes exterminated in the never-sated search ; and so the cataract of wealth was fed, which seemed for a while to enhance, but shortly extinguished the greatness of the Spanish monarchy.

Although it may be said that there is no part of the ancient Spanish possessions in America from which gold and silver were not derived, yet there were certain centres around which the most abundant sources of wealth were grouped. Mexico and Peru were preëminently celebrated for their prodigious yield of silver and gold ; and these two countries still maintain their preëminence, although the riches of their sister Republics have been developed, since their independence, to a greater extent than before. In that part of Peru which is now the Republic of Bolivia, that wonderful mountain exists the name of which has actually become a synonym for inexhaustible wealth, and which has

enriched ten generations of treasure-seekers with an almost incredible and quite inconceivable production of silver. The Cerro de Potosí, whether on account of its extraordinary riches, the wild romance of its history, or the character of its denizens, is most worthy of consideration among all the argentiferous localities of the New World.

Three hundred and fourteen years ago, the Cerro, or Mountain of Potosí, was a dreary and silent peak, towering in unvisited loneliness above the plains of interior Peru. No Spaniard, in all probability, had ever trodden its sides; Indian hunters only occasionally disturbed its quiet; the llama browsed securely upon the stunted shrubs which it supported, and the condor, watching from its mountain-walls, had no human enemy to dread. But in the year 1545, when the Spanish viceroy had completely exterminated the ancient civilization of the Incas, and had established in its place their own selfish and barbarous rule, an Indian peasant, named Diego Gualca, or, in the modern orthography, Hualca, passed by the Cerro de Potosí. Nearly a century before, (it was in 1462, or just thirty years before the discovery of America) Huayna-Capac, eleventh Inca of Peru, journeyed, as an ancient tradition preserved by his descendant, Garcilaso de la Vega, asserts, past the same mountain, on his way to the silver-mines of Porco, twenty one miles distant. The Inca conjectured from the appearance of the gigantic peak that it must contain argentiferous veins, and ordered some of his followers to make a closer survey: when an awful and supernatural voice issued from the mountain, warning the Inca to refrain from approaching its sides, and bidding him remember that its treasures were preserved for other possessors! So the Inca journeyed on past Potosí; and it was left for the obscure Hualca to make the discovery of its treasures.

Hualca was a native of Chumbivilcas, near Cuzco, and was in the service of the mining corporation of Porco, which comprised at that time the most celebrated silver-mine in the Spanish possessions.

There are various accounts extant of the manner in which his accidental discovery was made; but an old Peruvian version, compiled on the spot during the last century, which appears to have escaped the attention of writers on this subject, seems to us most probably the least perverted. According to our mouldy history, Hualca was driving a string of llamas with loads of Indian corn to Porco, and paused on his way at the foot of the Cerro. Tempted by the sight of game within reach of his bow and arrows, he climbed the mountain, and wandered so far, that night overtook him while he tarried. It is also alleged, that he was led to ascend the mountain by the erratic disposition of one of his llamas, which strayed from the right path, and which he went to recover; but this was probably nothing more than Hualca's plausible excuse for his delay. However that might be, he was be-

nighted on the Cerro; and, to quote from a manuscript prepared on the spot some fifty years ago, 'he made a fire on the side of the mountain, and in the morning he perceived a quantity of silver that had melted and spread upon the surface of the ground.' Hualca made haste to secure the glittering lumps, and hastened homeward to Porco with a heavy secret in his breast. Thenceforward he was on the *qui vive* for errands that would render it necessary for him to pass by the lonely Cerro; and at length, the suspicions of a fellow-servant being awakened, he confided the secret to him. The treacherous Indian at once made it known to that fortunate soldier, Captain Juan Villarruel, who hastened to the Cerro to ascertain the truth of the statement, and was the first Spaniard who visited the mountain.

This gigantic peak, it may be well here to premise, exceeds by several hundred feet in elevation, the highest European mountain. Its summit is 15,981 feet above the level of the sea; and some writers even estimate its altitude as exceeding 16,000 feet, while that of the great Alpine wonder, Mont Blanc, is but 15,730; but neither the steepness of its slope, the barrenness of its neighborhood, nor the rarefaction of its atmosphere have prevented the establishment of a city upon its side, at an altitude of 13,265 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. The city of Potosí is built at an elevation which almost equals that of Mont Blanc, and which is more than twice as great as the height of Mount Washington in New-Hampshire. Nothing but the abundance of precious metal with which every fragment of the Peak is impregnated, could induce a single human being to make his dwelling-place of a locality so bleak and cheerless as this; but the mines, more potent to attract than all the advantages of soil and climate elsewhere, speedily caused the growth of a city containing upward of one hundred and fifty thousand souls.

For Captain Villarruel and his friend, the valiant Diego Centeno, quickly took possession of the Cerro. Ground was broken at once; the great vein was opened which is known to this day as the *Descubridora de Centeno*, or Centeno's Discovery Vein; and immense masses of silver were extracted. So soon as this was noised abroad, crowds of eager Indians and Spaniards flocked to the Peak. Three thousand one hundred and sixty-five inhabitants of the city of La Plata, seventy-five miles distant, founded a settlement on the mountain, upon which the Quichua name of Potocchi, or, in the Spanish pronunciation, Potosí, (silver-producer,) was bestowed. The first year of the mines was a sad and troublesome period. The wild struggles of Gonzalo Pizarro, of Francisco Cárabajal, and of other mutinous officers were maintained by means of plunder and extortion; and the miners of Potosí were repeatedly robbed by the ferocious belligerents, until, in 1547, order was partially restored by the defeat of Pizarro, who perished on the



scaffold in 1548. Seven thousand Indians were now at work in the mines, yielding their masters two marcs of silver (sixteen Spanish ounces) per week. The defeat of Pizarro was followed by a *repartimiento*, or allotment of territory among the Spaniards who had remained loyal, when a part of Potosí became the property of Captain Diego Centeno, the conqueror of the rebel Cárbaal.

In 1563, Potosí was erected into a city, with full Cabildo and Ayuntamiento, or municipal officers, for which favor \$122,000 were paid into the royal treasury. Every year added to the productiveness of the mines, to the population of the town, and to the royal revenues. In the year 1556, the first taxes were imposed, when the usual fifth was levied; and in twenty-three subsequent years, the immense amount of \$9,802,257 was produced by this tax, representing a gross product of \$49,011,285. The newly-discovered treasure, indeed, soon exerted a perceptible influence on the manners of the mother-country as well as on those of the Peruvian Spaniards. Such a prodigious influx of wealth into a country until recently so poor, could not fail to work astonishing changes in the constitution of society and in the morals of the nation. Half-a-century before, Ferdinand the Catholic, to whom Columbus gave the two Americas, could beg his uncle, the Admiral of Castile, to 'stay to dinner, because we have got chicken!' and his Parliament, when he requested permission to import pepper and cinnamon from the East-Indies through Portugal, replied: 'We desire to be excused, for garlic is good spice!' One little half-century was sufficient to change this simple, temperate people into a race of sensualists, intoxicated with sudden prodigality of wealth: with inexhaustible silver-mines at command, and with millions of subject Indians to exploit them, the Spaniard speedily grew to look down upon honest handicraft with scornful disdain, and a love of extravagant display accompanied the ever-increasing distaste for labor.

But the expenditure which became general at home was altogether outdone by the wild extravagance with which new-gotten gains were lavished in the colonies. Public shows, *funciones*, the celebration of saints' days, were attended with almost incredible outlay by the miners of Potosí. Our history informs us that eight millions of reals (at thirteen and a half reals to the dollar) were expended in the rejoicings over the proclamation of Philip II. as King in 1556; and in 1559, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars were spent in celebrating the obsequies of Charles V., '*por ser*,' as the chronicler naïvely adds, '*por ser entonces el valor de la libra de cera doce pesos*,' because the price of wax was at that time twelve dollars a pound! A mighty array of tapers must have been burnt in Potosí in honor of the memory of the abdicated and neglected monarch whose death was thus bemoaned.

But the wealth of the Cerro never appears more wonderful than

when we reflect upon the extraordinary wastefulness with which the mines were worked. For many years, nothing but the costly and imperfect smelting process was known; and the ore, dug from the interior of the mountain, was burned or smelted at the mouth of the mine, till a yield of a little more than half its silver was obtained. The rest was wasted.

In 1566, however, the Portuguese Enrique Garces accidentally discovered a quicksilver mine at Huancavelica, and a few years later Pedro Fernandez de Velasco introduced the method of extracting silver by amalgamation. The plan then adopted continues in use until the present day. The wasteful method of smelting the ores was at once abandoned, and grinding-mills were established. Artificial lakes or tanks were laboriously constructed on the Cerro itself, for the purpose of receiving rain-water, or collecting that of springs, to furnish the necessary 'privilege' for the amalgamation works. The great reservoir of San-Ildefonso was formed in 1576, and cost, together with that of San Pedro, \$300,000, while five lesser ones were also built, at a cost of \$280,000. These reservoirs enabled the mills to be operated with advantage, and in 1577 there were one hundred and thirty-two at work near Potosí.

Before describing the method of operating, one word is necessary about the terrible *Mita* system, which enabled the mining proprietors to hoast of their enormous incomes. In 1572, Don Francisco Toledo, the fifth Viceroy of Peru, visited Potosí, and established numerous regulations for its government. The modern Solon, as our admiring chronicler terms him, extended his visit over a great portion of his immense dominions, and calculated that there were, in the province of Peru, 1,660,697 male Indians between the ages of eighteen and fifty. These he divided into six hundred and fourteen classes or tribes, which he assigned, as property, to certain prominent Spaniards. This was the great *repartimiento* or allotment of Toledo; and the principle of serf-labor involved in the assignation was known as the *Mita* — a Quichuan term. The enslaved Indians were called *mitayos*.

An elaborate system of registration and superintendence enabled each of these *mitayos* to be called out once in seven years, at the least, to labor during a year for his master. He was sent to Potosí with his wife and children, taking with him mining implements, and all the necessaries of domestic life; a sum equal to six cents was paid for every league of road between his home and the mines; and on his arrival, he was compelled to work for the weekly pay of twenty reals, or two dollars and a half. By law, a *mitayo* worked one week and rested two; but this arrangement was frequently infringed, and thousands of Indians, pitilessly over-tasked, perished in the dark, unwholesome galleries of the Cerro.

A very singular custom attended this forced labor, and out-lasting even the Spanish dominion, as well as the *Mita* itself. It was the license first accorded to, and subsequently forcibly maintained by, the *cacchas*, *cacchas*, or freebooting miners. The men who, during the week, were accustomed duly to labor for their masters, entered the mines on their own account on Sundays, and extracted all the ore upon which they could lay their hands. Between Saturday night and Monday morning the Cerro was completely in the possession of these eager workers, who cared little for the havoc they made in the regular mining operations, so long as they secured their sacks of ore. The proprietors of these mines, and employers of the men who became *cacchas* (robbers) during the sacred thirty-six hours, endeavored in vain to put a stop to a practice so detrimental to their interests; the *cacchas*, who numbered in their strongest days at least five thousand determined men, resisted by force every attempt that was made to check their proceedings; nor did they decline in numbers, until a system to which they owed their existence was also broken up, and ceased to offer inducements which tempted to their outrages.

This system was that of the *rescatiris*, or *habilitadores* — a class of men for whose trade we have no English designation, save that perhaps of mining capitalists. This profession, of high respectability in theory, became in fact often degraded to the vilest purposes; it was a species of *Crédit Mobilier* for the Spanish mining territories; but exercised by individuals who too frequently were but the instigators of theft and receivers of stolen property, as well as extortionate in their regular dealings. In establishing the existence of *habilitadores*, it was the design of the colonial legislators to furnish *mineros* or mining proprietors with a source whence they could derive the capital necessary for the carrying on of their business, and the stores, at the same time, which were equally necessary. Thus a *minero* who contemplated the opening of a new mine, or the prosecution of labor in one already opened, found it to his advantage to contract with an *habilitador* for the supply of such capital as he needed, agreeing to make payment at a specified rate in the metal to be extracted from the mine. The capital advanced seldom took the form of money, but consisted in the varied articles necessary either for the support of the laborers or for the working of the mine. Gunpowder, implements of iron and steel, beans, flour, tobacco, spirits, clothing, and similar articles formed the usual advances; and as a matter of course, a handsome profit was charged by the *habilitador* over and above the cost of the articles to himself. But the *Ordenanza de Minería*, or Code of Mining Laws, established a regulation that interfered sadly with the gains of the capitalists. According to the Code, if a *minero*, after receiving an advance, should be unsuccessful in his venture, the loss arising from the

transaction could fall only on the *habilitador*, who was unable to recover the amount advanced, and could claim from the borrower no greater amount than he could demonstrate as having been produced by the capital advanced.

The *habilitadores*, called *rescatiris* in Peru, (an Indian corruption of the term *rescatadores*, purchasers,) adopted many means of indemnifying themselves for the losses to which they were exposed by this clause in the *Ordenanza*. It was they who encouraged the depredations of the *caxchas*, by purchasing of them the ores which they abstracted during the Sabbath day's labor; and vast fortunes were commonly made by these men during the period in which they flourished. The system, is still, indeed, maintained in Chile and Peru, though it is far from equalling the extent or importance of former days, as mining associations and the vastly increased facilities for obtaining merchandise, have obviated the necessity for their existence.

Having glanced at the method by which mining proprietors were enabled to commence and continue the workings of their mines, we may pass on to a brief review of the process by which silver was extracted. It has already been stated, that until the discovery of quicksilver at Huancavelicas in 1566, the only method of separating the metal from the ore in which it lay imbedded, was by the rude process of roasting at the mouth of the mine. By this practice, fifty per cent of the silver was not unfrequently wasted; but the astonishing richness of the ores was sufficient to render the remainder an ample compensation to the *minero* for his outlay. As the veins were pursued inward, however, their productiveness gradually diminished, and it became more and more difficult to extract from the rocky matrix the filaments of silver which permeated them; so that the discovery of mercury, as rendering the process of amalgamation possible, was hailed with delight by every *minero*. Vast quantities of quicksilver were immediately employed in amalgamation-works as well at Potosi as in other parts of the Spanish dominions in America; so that, although the supply seemed inexhaustible, the price was raised to an exorbitant amount. The less wealthy amalgamators were paralyzed by the rapid advance in price of a commodity indispensable in their operations; and the Government at length resolved upon establishing the much-discussed monopoly of quicksilver (*Estanco de azogue*) which was so long impugned as a direct injury to the mining proprietors, while, on the contrary, it was undoubtedly an arrangement most beneficial to that class. The regulations on the subject placed the control of all the quicksilver that was obtained in the hands of the *Tribunal de mineria*, which was empowered to lend each proprietor of a mine or of an amalgamating-mill a certain quantity of the article, payment for which was not required until his labors had become productive. The terms of payment were

indeed most favorable. At the end of every year officers of the *Tribunal* took an account of the stock of quicksilver in the hands of each recipient, and compared it with the amount that had been issued to him; and he was then called upon to pay — not for the total he had drawn, but for the amount he had actually used or lost during the year. Whatever, besides, might be the scarcity, or however high the cost of quicksilver to the Treasury, it was always issued at the unvarying price of fifty dollars per quintal, (one hundred pounds,) although in times of scarcity, seventy, eighty, and even one hundred dollars per quintal were sometimes actually paid by the royal authorities in its purchase. The downfall of Spanish authority in the colonies alone put an end to this beneficent monopoly.

Quicksilver being thus placed within the reach of the miners and *trapicheros*, or amalgamators, the reduction of ores became a task of comparative facility. We will concisely sum up the various processes undergone by the silver of Potosí, on its way from the mine to the Mint. As many Indians as could be crowded into the mine, were employed with pickaxes and crowbars in breaking out the ore; and the masses thus detached were carried by other laborers to the mouth of the mine, sheep-skin aprons being used in the transportation. At the mouth of the mine, the masses were broken up into lesser pieces, and thence transported to the amalgamation-works, in sacks packed upon the backs of llamas. At the *ingenio*, situated in the outskirts of the city of Potosí, the ore was reduced to powder by means of a stamping-mill set in motion by water from the artificial reservoirs, after which it was 'screened,' by being passed through sieves of wire. The Indians who performed this operation were compelled to stuff their ears and nostrils with cotton, and to wear a mask, in order to protect themselves from the penetrating dust, which entered the lungs despite every precaution, and justified the name which had been fastened upon the operation of sifting, namely, *mata-gente* — kill-people! The sifted ore was next carried to the *buítron*, a large flat pavement, upon which it was deposited in heaps or *cuerpos* of twenty-five hundred pounds each. Twenty of these heaps formed one *lava*, or washing. A small quantity of water and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of salt were next added to the *cuerpo*, and the whole was carefully stirred up. The ore now became ready for amalgamation; that is, for the admixture of quicksilver, in order to separate the particles of silver from the rock. The *beneficiador* or amalgamator, having assayed the ore, added a certain quantity of mercury to each heap, and more water was then thrown upon the whole, until the heaps were reduced to a thick and gritty mud, which was trampled and kneaded by Indian workmen, day after day, for about a fortnight. When the *cuerpos* were believed to be thoroughly amalgamated in this rude fashion, the operation of

washing commenced. The quicksilver had attracted to itself all the silver contained in the heap, and the *lava* or washing, which simple operation was conducted by sluicing the *cuerpos* upon an inclined plane with a shallow receptacle at its lower end, separated the amalgam from the particles of rock and earth. The heavy metal was washed into the well, while the stream carried off the remaining matter; and it only remained to separate the silver from the mercury. The amalgam was put into a stout cloth, and squeezed by hand or by machine, until as much of the quicksilver as could be expressed, was driven off. The remaining mass of silver was called *pella*, and was nearly pure. The *pella* was next placed in a wooden mould, conical in form, and was pounded vigorously until a further quantity of quicksilver was forced out. The mass, now called *piña*, was at length taken from the mould, and resembled a sugar-loaf or a pine-apple in shape, whence its technical denomination. The concluding operation was that of fusing. The *piña* was placed in an earthen oven, and subjected to intense heat for a space of ten or twelve hours, until every particle of mercury was volatilized, and an ingot of silver, without admixture of foreign substances, remained. The weight of these ingots varied from twenty to sixty pounds.

Such were the means by which silver bullion was obtained at Potosí during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and such, indeed, is the process still pursued in the few amalgamation-works still existing. But the glory of the famous Cerro has departed. The distractions of civil strife in Bolivia, the exhaustion of most of the veins after two centuries of productiveness, and the abandonment of the forced labor system, have coöperated to render the once great Silver City a mere deserted ruin, bleak and silent as the plains which stretch away, in uninviting barrenness, on either side of the abandoned mountain. The population of Bolivia, debarred by an immense stretch of waterless desert from their proper sea-coast, have been almost forgotten by the outside world; and the civilizing effects of immigration, felt so notably in Chile and other parts of South-America, have been lacking with her population. Her thousands of gold and silver mines and washings are neglected; the isolated operations still carried on, are characterized by no vigor; and the perpetual changes in her government repel the advances which have been made by enterprising Americans and Europeans toward a development of her immense resources. It is but a few years since that an agent, who was dispatched to Bolivia by a speculative company in New-York, reported most favorably concerning the prospects of some eight or nine hundred mines which he visited; yet recommended his employers to abandon all idea of working them, on account of the miserable political condition of the country. To such a state has the sudden gift of liberty reduced an unprepared



and uneducated nation! Well might Bolivar, from whom the Republic takes her name, exclaim in sadness: 'We have gained one blessing, Independence; but it has been at a sacrifice of all the rest!'

A better season, nevertheless, seems to be dawning upon Bolivia. Constant strife for power among military leaders cannot last forever; and whether it be extinguished by the iron-handed triumph of one great man, by the general exhaustion of every party, or by the common-sense of an awakening people, its cessation will be the signal for a new era to commence. The mines of the country, the abandoned veins of the Cerro of Potosí, will yet be worked again; and the recent opening of the Rivers Paraná and Paraguay, which, through their affluents, communicate with the richest districts of the Republic, will afford an opportunity for the introduction of machinery and the shipment of mineral produce on much more advantageous terms and with much greater expedition than can be the case by crossing the formidable desert and almost pathless mountains which shut the Republic from the Pacific coast. We already hear (under date of October, 1858) from La Paz de Ayacucho, that some American and European immigrants have recently entered the country, and are realizing considerable profit in the gold-washings of the rivers near that city.

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#### THE HERO.

WHEN war's loud tocsin echoed through the land,  
And thousands rushed to meet the common foe,  
All hearts were brave in that intrepid band,  
And patriot zeal caused tyrant blood to flow:  
Still he was first of all that martial crowd,  
Hero of heroes — conqueror of the proud.

And when sweet peace her gentle olive waved  
O'er a free people and a tranquil land,  
And the great minds that would not be enslaved,  
A new-born nation's legislature planned;  
Paused the sage counsel until he should rise,  
First also there — the wisest of the wise.

Since then COLUMBIA many a son can boast  
Of gallant bearing, worthy, good, and great,  
In muse, in science, and in warrior host,  
By land and water, and in Church and State:  
Yet in their hearts he still is first — alone —  
Who proudly claim his country for their own.

## M O S L E M   T R A D I T I O N S .

DRAMATIC exhibitions, and the entertainment of printed fiction, are wanting in the East, but the imaginative Orientals find a congenial amusement in listening to the recital of marvellous stories. Throughout the lands of Islam, from Belgrade to Bassora, from the Moëtian Estuary to the unknown fountains of the Nile, you will find the roaming romancer. Sail upon the Tigris or the Nile, bury yourself in the Hedjaz, or in the delicious solitudes of Arabia the Blest, traverse the deserts of Irak, or the wastes of Syria — every where you will meet with the wandering story-teller, ready to delight the people with his simple narrations; every where you will behold eager groups impatient to catch the bewitching words that fall from his lips.

In the larger Turkish cities the Meddahs (story-tellers) form corporate bodies, with a sheik at their head, called Imeddah. They may be seen in the caravansaries and khans. They linger lovingly in the *kahvés* of Oriental cities, prolong the pleasures of the delicious *kief*, and practise their poetical profession in barber-shops and baths.

The Meddahs always commence with an invocation to the Most High: 'Praise to Allah, and to his favorite Mohammed, whose black eyes beam with sweetness! He is the only apostle of truth!' The audience, 'fit, though few,' responds *Amin*, and the narration begins. Some of them improvise, but for the most part they relate new and marvellous histories, or embroider the arabesques of imagination and the imbroglios of adventure upon some well-known theme. Now they suddenly break off the narrative at the climax of interest, like the ingenious sultana of the Arabian Nights, and now, to prolong the story and multiply the expected paras, weave in other tissues of romance, varied by a thousand *nuances* of surprise and interest. And then again, with marvellous 'skill of song-craft,' they intermit, from time to time, their silvery prose with the luxury of verse. But the object is ever to reverse the maxim of the Latin poet:

'SEMPER ad eventum festinat; et in medias res  
Non suis ac notas, auditorem rapit.'

The Arabs call these social reunions *Musameril*, discourses by moonlight, or by the glimmer of the stars. When the sun touches the sandy ocean, the roving Bedouins bivouac for the night. And in the cool of the purple evening they group themselves round him of the eloquent lip and the restless eye, to listen to the poems of Antar, or to the poetical fables of the desert, enriched with glowing words from the chambers of his imagery. The more varied and marvellous, the greater the delight, for the active imagination of the Bedouin believes

as readily as it creates. Thus amid the tents and camp-fires on the lonely desert, and under the silent stars, they draw out the long hours of the night, and the patient camels, crouched upon the sand, reach their long necks over their masters' shoulders, and gaze inquiringly with their soft eyes, as if they, too, caught the meaning of the bewitching words.

Pleasanter, however, than the hours spent in Bedouin camps and Gipsy tents is the remembrance of an evening I passed in the old Turkish city of Bashardshik while travelling by arabá from Silistria to Varna.

Selim halted at sun-set in front of the khan which, by special command of Mohammed, and in compliance with the spirit of Eastern hospitality, must be kept in every Moslem town for the rest of the traveller. A venerable Turk received us at the door, with many salaams, given in all the rotundity of Oriental expression.

The khan was a low, rude building, divided into two compartments — one for ourselves, and the other for the horses. A fire was kindled in one corner for light and coffee-making. A few Turks dropped in, one after another, and curled up their legs on the mats, to see the howadji, or learn the latest news from the Danube. The Russians had just recrossed the Pruth. In our group sat a venerable Turk whom his companions called Kitab Effendi. They looked up to him as to a father, and it was evident that the Effendi was one of the oracles of Bashardshik. He was a Mussulman of the old school, with a beard as white as the morning, and wore the full, many-colored turban and rich flowing robes which are now being fast supplanted in European Turkey by the rectilinear Frank costume, but retain their graceful folds in Damascus and Grand Cairo. He was our 'marvellous story-teller.' We grouped ourselves around him on the mat, and the flickering light cast strange shadows upon the wall. Travelling as I had done from nation to nation, I could hardly realize that I was studying life in a remote province of European Turkey.

Many of the Turkish legends, and perhaps the most interesting, relate to Biblical subjects, especially to the lives of the Patriarchs. The Koran is to a great extent modelled after the Old Testament, surcharged, however, with Oriental exaggeration, and furnishes curious departures from Scripture history that must have floated down the sea of tradition.

The Moslems begin their legendary cycle with the recitals of Genesis. What the inspired historian gives in concise terms they employ in detail, embellishing it with the rose color of their imagination: what Genesis does not give at all, they rehearse with perfect confidence.

Here are some of the Moslem traditions related to us while silently

intermingling fragrant vapors of Latakish with the aromatic nectar of Mocha, by Kitab Effendi.

When God had determined to complete his work by the creation of man, his four superior angels brought earth wherewith to form the body of Adam, from the four quarters of the globe, but for his head and heart they brought earth from Mecca and Medina. The body of Adam was so beautiful that the angels stood in admiration over it. God at last summoned the soul which was to vivify the body of the first man, and which had already reposed for centuries in floods of light. Not wishing to abandon the luminous ether to enter into a terrestrial body, it refused to obey the command of the ALMIGHTY. 'Thou shalt enter this body in spite of thyself,' replied God; 'and to punish thy obstinacy, shalt one day be compelled to leave it in spite of thyself.' He then breathed the soul into the organs of Adam, who immediately opened his eyes, and beheld the celestial throne with its inscription: 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet.'

Adam, while in Paradise, articulated the names of all the plants and animals in seventy-seven different languages. God gave him a bunch of the grapes of Paradise, of which he ate and then fell asleep. On awaking, he beheld the woman, drawn from his side during his sleep, and moved forward to embrace her. But the beautiful Eve, already acquainted with Mussulman usages, said to him: 'God is my master; I cannot become thine without His consent; and, moreover, it is not proper for a woman to marry a man without first receiving a dower.'

The good Adam, unable to reply to this sage reasoning, invoked the assistance of the angel Gabriel, and obtained from him these consoling words: 'God gives thee Eve for a wife. He made her for that purpose, and commands thee to love her as thyself. Instead of giving her the dower which she demands, pray twenty times to Mohammed, whose soul floated before the Eternal Throne thousands of years anterior to the creation of the world, but whose body shall be engendered by thee.'

Iblis, the Mussulman devil, wishing to dispossess our first parents of Paradise, addressed himself first to the peacock, which had the vanity of a singer and the self-conceit of a dandy, and afterward to the serpent, then the most charming of all animals, being as large as a camel.

'Thou shalt grow old! thou shalt die!' said the evil one to the serpent; 'but by three magical words I can assure thee constant beauty—an eternal youth; and these three words I will reveal to thee if thou wilt introduce me into Paradise.' The serpent, in order to attain the fountain of youth, took Iblis in his throat and fraudulently introduced him within the precincts of Paradise. The genius of Evil there met the innocent Eve, and frightened her as he had al-

ready the serpent, with the prospect of age and death, to escape which there was but one remedy — to partake of the forbidden fruit, which grew upon a tree whose bark resembled gold, the branches silver, and the leaves emeralds. The fault of Eve is excused by the peculiar temptation to which she, in her innocence, was exposed. Frail men should not be without pity for the frailty of their first mother. Adam resisted for a period of eighty years all the solicitations of Eve to partake of the forbidden fruit, which she had found so agreeable to her taste.

Terrible, however, were the consequences of this great fall from celestial virtue. Adam was chased from Paradise by the gate of Penitence; Eve by the gate of Pity. The peacock was deprived of his melodious voice, the serpent of his primitive form, and Iblis cast down into the depths of hell. The eagle then said to the whale, with whom he had lived in peace on the shores of the ocean: 'At present we must separate, for man has become our enemy, and we can escape his cunning and his cruelty, only by retiring; thou to the depths of the waves, and I to the clouds above.' Adam in his solitude wept so much, that from the lids of his left eye, continually suffused with tears, sprang the source of the river Tigris; from the right eye that of the Euphrates. All nature wept with him, and the animals were touched with commiseration. Eve wept also; the tears which rolled down her cheeks became pearls; those which fell to the earth were transformed into rubies. Though far separated, the zephyrs bore to the ears of Adam the sighs of Eve; the east wind bore the groans of Adam to the ears of his disconsolate wife. At last, God, moved by such suffering, sent the angel Gabriel to the penitent Adam. 'Repeat this invocation,' said Gabriel: 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is His Prophet. Drink water, build mosques, and henceforth Satan will have no power over thee.'

Abraham was born in Babylon in the reign of Nimrod, the heathen king. Upon the Friday night in which this glorious prophet, whose miracles a whole life-time would not suffice to enumerate, came into the world, Nimrod saw, in a vision, all his idols overthrown, and heard a voice crying: 'Wo, wo unto them who turn not to the faith of Abraham!' On the following morning he consulted his priests and magicians. They informed him that a child would be born who should deprive him of his throne and his divinity, for Nimrod had caused himself to be adored as a god. Forthwith, like Herod, he ordered all the new-born children throughout the kingdom to be murdered. But by the inspiration of Gabriel, the mother of Abraham secreted her child in a cave, where he was nourished from the five fingers of God. His mother came to see him, and one day found the child in profound meditation.

‘Who is my God?’ inquired he of his mother.

‘Myself,’ replied she.

‘And who is thy God?’

‘Thy father.’

‘And the God of my father?’

‘Nimrod.’

‘And the God of Nimrod?’

His mother, unable to answer the last question, gave him a box on the ear, and remained silent. But Abraham said to himself: ‘I know no other God than he who hath created the heavens and the earth.’

Several years afterwards his father, who was a sculptor, employed him in selling idols. Abraham carried them in the public place, and cried: ‘Who will buy a vile merchandise most prejudicial to whomsoever may keep it in his house?’ With this announcement he was sure to return home with all the images.

On a certain day, when the inhabitants of the city were gone on a pilgrimage to one of their heathen edifices, Abraham secretly entered the temple and broke into pieces seventy-two idols. Arrested and brought before Nimrod, he was condemned to be burned alive, upon a blazing funeral pile of such enormous size that forty days were required to collect the most combustible materials. The infernal pile was lighted. Nimrod caused Abraham to be brought forward, and in sight of the whirlwinds of flame, bade him declare who was his God. ‘My God,’ responded Abraham, ‘is he who hath the power to create and the power to destroy.’

‘Then,’ cried Nimrod, ‘I am God; I hold in my hands life and death,’ and ordering two slaves to be brought, he cut off the head of one and set the other at liberty.

‘Thou canst slay,’ replied Abraham, ‘but thou canst not make alive. Let them bring me four birds, and in the name of my God thou shalt see what miracle I can accomplish.’

The four birds were brought. Abraham cut them into a thousand pieces; and then, calling each bird by its proper name, he bade them come to life, when forthwith they rose towards the heavens, singing as they took their flight.

Nimrod, whose pride was only irritated by this miracle, ordered the soldiers to seize Abraham and throw him into the flames by means of a machine whose model had been furnished by Satan himself. Abraham invoked the aid of God, and instantly the flames were extinguished. In the place of the funeral pile leaped forth a fountain of perfumed water, and Abraham appeared by its side clothed in a caftan of silk brought by Gabriel from Paradise.

In consequence of this, a multitude of people became believers in the Prophet. Nimrod, thinking presumptuously to destroy the God of



Abraham as he had attempted to overcome the prophet, ordered a large box to be made with an opening towards the earth and another towards the heavens. He then commanded them to fasten four rods to the upper corners of the box, and upon these rods to place pieces of flesh. Four vultures were then brought and tied to the four feet of the chest. Armed and accompanied by his faithful vizier, he seated himself in the chest in order to make war upon God, whom, in his rage, he wished to annihilate. 'If I gain the victory,' said he, 'I shall be delivered from Abraham, but if I am conquered by the God of Abraham, He can reign as I have reigned over the heavens, the earth, and their creatures. As soon as the vultures were let loose, they strove to reach the pieces of flesh above them, and thereby raised the chest among the clouds. After a day and a night Nimrod said to his vizier: 'Open the door towards the earth and tell what thou seest.' 'I see the earth, O Prince! and the dust,' replied the latter.

They continued to wander during another day and night, and the vizier again opened the door towards the earth, and responded to Nimrod: 'What I behold, O King! resembles smoke.' He was then ordered to open the door towards the heavens, and having done so, replied: 'I behold what I saw when looking upon the earth.' After another day and night, when nothing was to be seen either in the direction of the heavens or the earth, the king drew his bow and shot aloft three arrows. The ALMIGHTY sent back by Gabriel the same arrows, after their points had been stained with blood. 'I have destroyed the God of Abraham,' cried Nimrod, and forthwith he changed their direction towards the earth, to which he returned without harm.

To overcome this proud sovereign, Abraham asked of God only the aid of a fly.

'Let it be according to thy desire,' responded the ALL-POWERFUL, 'but I will send thee an insect seventy times smaller than the one thou hast mentioned.'

At the command of the CREATOR, the king of the flies collected his winged squadrons, which precipitated themselves upon the soldiers of Nimrod with such impetuosity as to put them to rout. Nimrod himself fled, and took refuge in a tower. But a fly pursued, entered with him, and harassed and stung him, without his being able to catch the insect. Now alighting upon his lips, and then upon his nose, it at last penetrated into the brain, and fed upon its substance. The insect grew in a marvellous manner. The king could get peace from the dreadful torment only by having his head constantly beaten with heavy mallets. At the end of forty years the head of Nimrod burst open, and the fly coming out as large as a pigeon, said to the dying king:

'Behold how God can destroy, by one of His smallest creatures, such as refuse to believe in Him.'

Abraham was so jealous of his wives that he constructed for them a magic city — a city of iron, whose walls were so high that the light of the sun could not penetrate within. The sombre rooms of this ancient harem, in which the wives of the Patriarch were imprisoned, were lighted with garlands of pearls and crowns of diamonds. Abraham was also a great traveller. Sara, his constant companion, resembled Eve, and was so celebrated for her beauty that the Patriarch took the wise precaution of carrying her in an iron chest.

Behold him arrested one day on the bank of the Jordan by a custom-house officer who wished to examine the baggage. The good Abraham, carrying no contraband articles, as he believed, allowed him to prosecute the search for a time without molestation. But when the latter came to the chest containing Sara: 'Stop,' cried the Patriarch, 'suppose that this box is filled with the richest silks, and I pay you ten times the ordinary tariff?' 'No,' replied the officer, whose suspicions were excited. 'Suppose that it is filled with diamonds, and I pay you twenty times the legal duty?' 'No!' shouted the ferocious officer, and opening the mysterious chest by a skilful movement of his nimble fingers he beheld the ideal form of Sara. For a moment he stood petrified with admiration, and then ran away to announce the marvel he had just discovered. The wicked king confiscated the rare importation, and caused Sara to enter his palace. The sorrow of Abraham can be more easily imagined than described. God, however, moved by the conjugal tenderness of the Patriarch, caused the walls of the palace to become transparent, and Abraham afar off was able to witness all that took place. When the wicked king approached his beautiful captive, and was about to embrace her, his outstretched hand was struck with palsy.

'Away from me!' cried Sara, 'I am the wife of Abraham!' And the king called the Patriarch, asked pardon for his culpable intentions, and made him a present of his slave Hagar.

When the four sons of Jacob, after having sold their brother, came to relate to their father that Joseph had been devoured by a wolf, 'There are no wolves in the country,' exclaimed the Patriarch, unwilling to know the extent of his misfortune.

'Ah! thou believest there are none,' said one of the offenders; 'we will bring thee the very one which tore our beloved Joseph to pieces.'

In fact, they did bring in an enormous wolf. But by the justice of God the beast opened his mouth and said: 'Son of Isaac, do not believe the oaths of these criminal impostors. I am a wolf of a far-off country, and have wandered about several weeks in search of one of my little ones. How could I, who am simply an animal and experience the tender anguish of animals, how could I carry away the son of a Prophet of God?'

When Joseph had lived for a time in the house of Potiphar, he became enamored of Zuleika, the wife of the king, who also came to love him in return. But he resisted all her tender supplications and fled. Potiphar would not believe the story invented by Zuleika for the purpose of injuring Joseph, and retained him in his service. The female friends of Zuleika were equally incredulous. To revenge herself she invited them one evening to a feast in her palace, and when they were cutting oranges with sharp knives, caused Joseph to appear suddenly before them. So astonished were they at his marvellous beauty that they all cut their hands, and did not perceive what had happened until the table was covered with blood.

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed Zuleika, exulting over their stupefaction. ‘You blame me on account of my love for Joseph! Yes, I love this man, whose appearance has so dazzled you.’

Potiphar, yielding at last to the instances of his wife, ordered the virtuous Joseph to be imprisoned.

Behold the termination of this strange history! Joseph had been raised by the favor of Potiphar to a high degree of power. One day, when visiting the granaries provided by him against the years of famine, he met in the street a female, whose dress, whose pale face, and suppliant attitude indicated a pitiable state of misery. Touched by the sight of such distress, he handed her a purse of gold, when the woman said to him: ‘I do not merit thy compassion.’

It was Zuleika, who had exercised such an influence upon his destiny, but so pale and feeble that Joseph could hardly recognize in her the beautiful wife of Potiphar. Moved by pity, and doubtless by the tender sentiment of affection, he cared for her as for a sister. In this new atmosphere she revived like a faded rose to which rain and sun-shine have been given, and quickly recovered her lost beauty. She was a widow, having, after the death of Potiphar, been driven from her palace, and abandoned by all the world. Joseph loved her in her misfortune; and Zuleika became in time the wife of her generous benefactor.

Moses was saved by one of the daughters of Pharaoh, and brought up in the palace of the king. At the age of five years he played with the sceptre of the monarch whose power he was one day to overthrow. He trod the crown under his feet, and on one occasion threw Pharaoh himself from the throne. After his return from the land of the Midianites, he confounded by his miracles the seventy thousand magicians of the king.

Having delivered his people from their cruel bondage, Moses was summoned to receive the laws of God, and the Angel Gabriel raised him so high, that he plainly distinguished the movement of the *kalam* (the pen) with which the secretary of the celestial host wrote down

the Ten Commandments. In the confidence inspired by such favor from Allah, he asked that his nation might become the first people upon the globe. But Allah responded: Thou askest what is impossible. I have already granted that supremacy to the followers of Mohammed, who shall one day be masters of the universe.'

While the Israelites were marching to the conquest of the promised land, Moses, desirous of contemplating the wondrous works of God, set out to travel. He voyaged for thirty years in the east and west, in the north and the south. After many wanderings in distant countries, the Patriarch returned to his tribe, but instead of being received as the wisest of men and the first of legislators, he saw his fame as a prophet and a traveller eclipsed by the gold of a banker. During his absence there had risen up a man among the Israelites — a man who had never ventured near the flames of Sinai, and had not the least admiration for the wonderful works of creation, but who had spent his days in ingenious speculations among the money-changers of the wandering children of Israel. This individual became so marvellously rich that forty beasts of burden were required to carry merely the keys wherewith to unlock his treasures.

At the age of a hundred and eighty years, Moses saw that he was nigh unto death. Weeping, he asked of God what would become of his wife and children.

'Go thou,' replied God, 'to the rock on the sea-shore and strike it with thy rod.'

The rock divided asunder, and out of it came a worm, which cried three times: 'Glory to God, the ALL-POWERFUL, who hath not forgotten me in my solitude! Praise to God who dost nourish me!'

Then said God unto him: 'Behold! if I care for the worm hid in a lonely rock upon the sea-shore, how can I, O man! abandon thy children?'

After the death of Joshua, continued Kitab Effendi, 'the chiefs of Israel, who had been sorely beaten in several conflicts with Goliath, assembled to deliberate upon their sad situation. Then appeared before them a holy man, Samuel, who declared he was sent of God.

'What must we do to escape destruction?' asked the chiefs of Israel.

'You must renounce the worship of idols, confess the true God, honor your parents, treat your wives with consideration, and lastly, render homage to the Prophets,' responded Samuel.

'The Prophets! Who are they?'

'First, Adam, Noah, and Abraham, for whom the Lord did great miracles, then Moses and the Prophets who shall come after me, Jesus the son of Mary, and Mohammed. The testimony of each of these is complete in his time, but has been, or will be, set aside by that of the successor, except in the case of Mohammed.'

‘JESUS! Who is he?’ demanded the auditors.

‘It is HE who has been announced in the Tora (a Moslem book) as the Word of God. HE will be born of a virgin. Before HIS birth he will proclaim the immaculate nature of His mother and the puissance of the CREATOR, then HE will cure the sick, raise the dead, and from a little earth make living animals and birds. The wicked men of His time will seek to put HIM to death, but shall deceive themselves in crucifying a common person in his stead, while JESUS himself will enter gloriously into heaven.’

After giving the lineage and exalted character of Mohammed, Samuel related to the conclave of Israel what would happen to the Prophet of Mecca during a single night. The angel Gabriel would wake Mohammed and conduct him to the open country, where he would be presented with the miraculous winged-horse Borak, the same which Abraham made use of in travelling from Syria to Mecca. Mounted upon this animal, the Prophet was to visit Sinai, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, to repeat his prayers at each place, and then, on stairs of emeralds and flowers, mount up to the seventh heaven, where he would be initiated into all the mysteries of the creation and the government of the universe. He would there contemplate the happy inhabitants of heaven, and look down into the depths of hell. The eternal abyss would reveal to him all the different kinds of torments there inflicted. Those who had oppressed the poor were condemned to scratch like fowls in an arid soil which yielded no nourishment. Usurers and extortioners beheld their bodies swell from moment to moment in a frightful manner, while liars, calumniators, and tale-bearers had their tongues and lips twined every instant with red hot nippers of fire.

‘Between heaven and hell,’ continued Samuel, ‘Mohammed shall see Abraham, the father of the faithful, who smiles whenever the gates of heaven are opened, and weeps when a new victim is cast into hell. He shall behold the happy inhabitants of heaven reclining on voluptuous couches under silken pavilions and eating from vessels of silver and gold the richest viands, of which the last morsel shall be as acceptable to the taste as the first. Then will be pointed out to him the Pool of Life, whose waters dispel thirst forever, and the tree of Toba, so large that the fleetest horse cannot cross its shadow in a hundred years, whose branches are hung with the most delicious fruits and moved in dulcet harmony by the soft winds of heaven. He shall look down upon the blissful fields of Paradise, strewn with pearls and diamonds and beds of musk, where among perpetual fountains and in the cool shade, the faithful shall be served by black-eyed houris, beautiful without blemish, and subject neither to age nor death.’

The night in which Solomon came into the world, the angel Gabriel

cried: 'A child is born to whom Iblis and all the demons shall be subject.' He was endowed with such sagacity that when a mere youth he instructed his father in the most difficult things, and one day confounded all the doctors of the law.

After the death of his father, eight angels, with innumerable wings of all forms and colors, came and bowed down three times before him.

'Who are you?' demanded Solomon.

'We are the angels of the eight winds of the earth,' answered they. 'To thee we do homage. Call us when thou wilt, and we will breathe the soft zephyrs or wake the tempest. Cast this stone into the air, and forthwith we shall be in thy presence.'

The eight angels then disappeared, and four others came. 'We govern,' said they, 'all the animals in the air, on the earth, and in the waters under the earth. When thou wilt have us appear, place this upon thy head,' and one of the angels gave him a talismanic stone with the inscription, 'All creatures praise the LORD.'

Solomon directed the angels to assemble before him a pair of all the different species of animals. In the twinkling of an eye his wish was accomplished, and the beings of creation presented themselves, from the monstrous elephant down to the smallest worm. Then the great king, with royal benevolence, spoke with his legions of subjects, and listened to their complaints. The legislator of men, he also became the legislator of animals, condemning their evil habits and reforming the abuses of their governments.

But Solomon took most pleasure in conversing with the birds of the air, for he understood all the varieties of their melodious language and the sage maxims of the beloved little musicians of the good God.

'For many creatures it were better not to live,' sighed the melancholy dove.

'To be content with one's lot is the greatest of blessings,' sang the nightingale.

'Be just and thou shalt be recompensed,' cried the lark.

'Death will come at last,' screamed the eagle.

'Think of thy CREATOR, O vain mortal!' chanted the martial cock.

Still another angel appeared before Solomon, and gave him a diamond, with the inscription: 'There is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet.'

'By virtue of this stone,' said the angel, 'thou shalt rule over the *djinns*, who belong to the world of spirits, and are far more numerous than all the men and animals on the earth together. They were created angels of light, but having fallen, were banished from the presence of God. The world was inhabited by the *djinns* seventy



thousand years before the creation of man. Some of them acknowledge the true God, while others, plunged into the errors of idolatry, worship fire, and adore the sun and the stars. The former hover perpetually around good men to protect them; the latter, on the contrary, ever seek to do them harm.'

By the talismanic influence of this ring Solomon subdued the entire race of the *djinns*. He obliged them to build palaces and to erect a temple after the model of the *Kaaba* of Mecca. The female *djinns* wove garments of wool and silk for the poor of Jerusalem. They were also required to roast every day thirty thousand oxen and thirty thousand sheep, besides innumerable birds and fishes, all of which were placed upon tables several miles in length. The *djinns* sat down at tables of iron, the poor at tables of wood; at tables of silver were seated the chiefs of the army and the high officers of government, while the men distinguished for their piety and wisdom were served by Solomon himself at tables of pure gold.

But with all the favors heaped upon him Solomon was not proof against pride. While regarding one day the multitudes enjoying his feasts, he exclaimed in a moment of blindness: 'Would that God would permit me to feed for a single day all the animals of the earth!'

'What thou wouldst do is impossible,' responded God; 'but thou mayest attempt it: I will permit thee to begin to-morrow with the inhabitants of the sea.'

Solomon ordered the *djinns* to load a hundred thousand camels and a hundred thousand mules with grain and fruits; then he went down to the seashore and cried with a loud voice: 'Come ye, who reside in the depths of the waves, come and I will satisfy your hunger!' Then there came to the surface of the waters swarms of fishes to which they threw sacks of grain until all were satisfied. But suddenly there appeared a whale as large as a mountain. Solomon threw to him hundreds of loads of fruit and grain, and continually the insatiable monster opened his mouth for more. At last the provision was all gone, and the whale cried: 'Give me, give me whereof to eat, never have I suffered such hunger!'

'Ah!' cried Solomon, overwhelmed with astonishment, 'are there many of thy species in the sea?'

'Many?' replied the monster, 'there are seventy thousand, of whom the smallest is of such a size that thou wouldst disappear in his bowels like a grain of sand in the desert.'

At these words Solomon fell upon his face, and weeping, prayed God to pardon his wicked presumption.

Behold how the great king travelled to Mecca and Medina. A silk carpet was woven by the *djinns* four leagues in extent. Upon this carpet they placed the throne of Solomon, and around it seats of gold

and silver for the multitude of persons who were to accompany him. When all the preparations had been completed, Solomon seated himself upon his throne, and commanded the winds to do their duty. They transported the aerial caravan, and at the same time a cloud of birds with extended wings formed a shady canopy over the head of the king and his companions.

While returning to Jerusalem the Patriarch perceived, from a single ray of sun-shine piercing through the winged pavilion, that a bird was wanting at his post. He demanded of the eagle the name of the delinquent, and the eagle, having called over the names of all the birds, announced the desertion of the lapwing. An instant afterwards the lapwing appeared, trembling and bowing down his head in the presence of the great king.

‘I have done wrong,’ said the bird, ‘and merit punishment.’

‘Explain thyself,’ answered Solomon, who was angry, but would not condemn the delinquent without a hearing.

‘At Mecca,’ continued the lapwing, ‘I met with a bird of my acquaintance, who gave me such a picture of the marvels of the kingdom of Saba (Sheba) that I could not resist the desire of visiting that country. I have seen the treasures of that land, which, O king! thou shouldst conquer, and its queen Balkis, the most beautiful woman of the universe.’

Struck with this recital of the wandering bird, Solomon at once wrote a letter to Queen Balkis, engaging to convert her to the true faith.

The offending lapwing was his messenger.

The Queen of Saba read the letter, and then assembled her viziers for their advice. But they declared that as no one equalled her in wisdom, no one could venture to counsel her in so important a matter.

‘Well!’ exclaimed Balkis, ‘I shall know whether he is a prophet or not. I will send him the most magnificent presents, and if he be dazzled by them, it will prove that he is not superior to other men. I will propose to him different questions, and if he be not able to answer them, surely he is a false prophet.’

Her ambassadors set out for Jerusalem with a thousand carpets woven with gold and silver, a crown of fine pearls, and the precious products of Arabia the Blest. They carried likewise a casket containing a pearl that had not been pierced, a diamond through which passed a tortuous hole, and a cup of crystal. Balkis demanded that Solomon should pierce the pearl, pass a thread through the diamond, and fill the cup with water obtained from neither the heavens nor the earth.

Solomon having been informed of these things, caused the *djinn*s to weave carpets that were many miles in length, and still more magnificent, and also build walls of gold and silver. At the sight of these

marvels, the ambassadors of Balkis did not even venture to show their presents, and could hardly be prevailed upon to open the casket. Solomon at once pierced the pearl by means of a powder provided by the *djinn*s. He ordered a slave to leap upon one of his fleetest horses, and from the sweat that ran down its flanks he filled the crystal cup with water which came neither from the heavens nor the earth. The third problem was the most difficult. But he passed a thread through the sinuosities of the diamond by means of a minute worm which drew the thread after itself, and thenceforth, by way of recompense, was fed upon the leaves of the mulberry.

Solomon then sent word to the Queen of Saba, that if she did not renounce the worship of idols and submit to his power, he would overrun her country with a formidable army. Upon the return of her envoys, she at once set out for Jerusalem, in order to abjure idolatry and acknowledge the supremacy of Solomon. He awaited with impatience the young queen whose beauty had been praised with so much enthusiasm.

But a singular report embarrassed the sovereign of Jerusalem. It was whispered in secret, that the ideal form of the Sabeen queen terminated in the ugly feet of a quadruped. How was Solomon to learn the truth without giving offence? He could not say to the queen: 'Show me thy feet, O Balkis!' In place of the floor of the hall where he was to receive her, he arranged a transparent crystal under which ran limpid water. Balkis, when stepping upon the crystal, supposed that she had to cross a stream, and graciously raised her robes; and the king, who was watching with uneasy solicitude, perceived under the silken folds of her garments, the most beautiful feet in the world. A few days afterward Balkis became the wife of Solomon.

Would that he had remained faithful to the commandments of God! But the great king, who had once failed through pride, was destined to fall again by the passion of love. He became enamored of the daughter of a heathen king, who introduced her idols into the palace of Solomon, where the true God alone should have been adored. A *djinn* took away his ring, his robes, and his sceptre, and having assumed the form of the king, installed himself upon the throne. Solomon, despised by his ministers, and insulted by his own servants, was driven from the palace, and for forty days wandered in the desert, a prey to the most bitter reflections. But as he had not taken part in the idolatry himself, the Lord had compassion on him, and restored him, greatly enlightened by his errors, to his former power.

Solomon had thus ruled over his vast empire a great number of years, when one day the Angel of Death appeared before him. The Great King demanded of him how the term of life is marked off for different individuals.

‘It is hardly permitted me to stop in the work in which I am constantly engaged,’ replied the angel; ‘but I cannot refuse the favorite of God an explanation. Know then that I am only the messenger of another angel, whose head reaches ten thousand years’ journey above the seventh heaven, and whose feet are plunged the distance of five hundred years’ journey into the bowels of the earth. This angel, whose name is Osrein, is so strong, that, if God would permit him, he could easily overthrow the globe with a single hand. He it is who indicates to me the place whence I have a soul to take. He has his eyes constantly fixed upon the *Sidrat-Al-Muntaha*, the tree of life, which bears as many leaves as there are human beings. When a child is born, a new leaf puts forth with his name upon it; when his last hour is come, the leaf withers, and is plucked by Osrein.’

‘And the inferior angels,’ continued Solomon, ‘how are they employed?’

‘Two of them keep watch upon every mortal, one on the right hand and the other on the left. They observe every word and action; and at the end of the day, are relieved by two other angels, and fly up to heaven. The angel on the right side records every good action, and when the mortal commits a sin, says to the angel on the left: ‘Forbear for seven hours to record it: peradventure he may repent, and obtain forgiveness.’

‘How dost thou collect the souls of men?’ inquired Solomon, ‘and what becomes of them during *Busak*, the interval of time between the tribunal of the sepulchre and the resurrection?’

‘For the examination of the sepulchre,’ answered the angel, ‘the soul reënters the body. If the person has been just, it is again drawn gently out of his mouth; otherwise it is beaten out of him with dreadful blows. The bodies of the dead remain in their graves, but their souls have a foretaste of the doom that awaits them, in dreams and visions. Those of the faithful hover near their sepulchres in a state of felicity, or wrapped up in silk cloths, are placed in charge of a bird which will watch them in Paradise until the day of judgment. The spirits of the martyrs enter into the crops of green birds that feed on the fruits and drink of the streams of heaven, while the souls of those with whom God has been most pleased, become as snow-white birds, and nestle under His throne. The souls of the wicked are tied up in sacks of tarred cloth, and cast down to the gate of perdition, where they shall remain in misery until the resurrection.’

‘The angels — will they also die?’ inquired Solomon.

‘All beings shall die at the blast of extermination — first men, and then angels. At the second sound of the trumpet of Israfil, Michael and Gabriel shall fall by my hand, and I, Azrael, the angel of death, then perish under the eyes of the ALMIGHTY. Throughout the vast ex-

tent of creation God only will exist. He will then exclaim: 'To whom belongs the earth?' and no being shall answer. But after forty years of rain and darkness the trumpet shall sound again, and the dead shall awake — angels first, and men afterward.'

'Who among men shall awake first?' demanded Solomon.

'Mohammed the Prophet. Israfil, Gabriel, and the other angels will repair to Medina and cry, 'Come, O most beautiful and purest of souls! reanimate thy body which is without blemish.' Then he shall come out of his tomb. Gabriel will present to him the winged Borak, and give him a standard and a crown sent for that purpose from Paradise. 'Come, thou chosen of the Lord,' a voice shall exclaim, 'already is Eden spread with flowers, and the *houris* await thee.' Then the rest of mankind will awake from their sleep of death, and be conducted to the Valley of Jehoshaphat for the last judgment.

'That will be a terrible day, when each one shall think only of himself. 'O God!' Adam will cry, 'save me! save me! impute to me neither the iniquity of Eve nor that of Abel.' 'Preserve me from hell,' Noah will pray, 'and do unto my children what seemeth good unto THEE.' Abraham shall say, 'I invoke THEE not for Ishmael nor for Isaac: I invoke THEE, O GOD, only for myself.' In that dread hour, Moses will forget his brother Aaron. Mohammed alone shall pray for all the world. The day of judgment shall be preceded by signs and portents. There will be a total eclipse of the moon, the sun shall rise out of the west, and the earth be enveloped in smoke. Men shall even envy the quiet of the grave.

'At the sound of the trumpet of Israfil, the earth will tremble and the mountains be levelled with the plains. The moon, the sun, and the stars shall fall into the sea, and the firmament melt away. The earth will then open, and the souls fly in quest of the bodies. The dry bones of the dead will rattle, the scattered limbs be brought together, and the very hairs of their head congregate.

'The duration of the day of judgment shall be an age. It shall be a day of sighs and griefs, a day of tribulation and anguish, when the cup of sorrow and misery must be drunk, even to the very dregs thereof. To the perverse and the ungodly, every thing shall become as aloes and bitterness. For them there will not be one moment of repose. They shall behold nothing agreeable, hear no voice that shall delight, while their terrified imaginations will represent to them only spectres and tortures, and the howlings of demons.

'Then Mohammed will intercede for his people.

'After the final judgment, made according to good works without distinction of persons, all mankind must prepare for the inevitable passage of Sirat, the sharp-edged bridge of seven arches. This bridge is three thousand years' journey in length, narrow as the thread of a

spider's web, and sharp as the edge of a sword. It requires a thousand years to ascend the first side, a thousand to cross over, and a thousand more to descend. They who make the entire passage, shall be admitted to the joys of Paradise, but infidels and all wicked persons shall fall into perdition from the different arches. The faithful shall, however, at last all be redeemed !'

'Good God !' exclaimed my companions, 'how dreadful to our sight will this formidable bridge appear ! What virtue ! what secret grace from the Most HIGH shall we not need !'

'Tell me,' continued Solomon, 'when shall the resurrection come ?'

'God only knows,' replied the angel of death, and having answered Solomon, he prepared to carry away his soul.

'Canst thou not prolong my life until the completion of the temple ?'

'No,' responded the angel : 'thy hour is come.'

'The will of God be done ; but let my death be unknown to the *djinns* until they have completed the House of God.'

The angel removed the soul of the Great King, but his body was left seated upon the throne, clothed in royal robes and all the insignia of office. There it remained in the usual position of the monarch, the races of men and genii paying their customary homage at a respectful distance, until the staff upon which the corpse leaned had been gnawed by the worms, and gave way, so that the body fell to the ground.

'Until the time of Mohammed,' continued Kitab Effendi, 'the angel of death appeared to mortals in a bodily form. But when he came for the soul of the Prophet, the latter said to him : 'O Azrael, thou art terrible to behold ! It is not proper that thou shouldst thus show thyself to mortal men, for it can easily happen that they die from excessive fright before having said their prayers. I am a man of courage, but confess that I cannot look upon thee without a shudder.'

He then besought God that Azrael might become a spirit ; and his prayer was granted.

At a late hour we spread our mats upon the floor, and lay down to rest. The escort and one or two Turks who tarried with us all night, slept soundly with their yataghans by their sides. My repose, however, was disturbed by hideous phantoms which had their origin in the abominations of the Turkish cuisine, but borrowed the forms of the hide-bound quadrupeds in the adjoining chamber, whose spasmodic breathing harmonized admirably with the snoring of my prostrate companions.



## M A R Y I N A U T U M N .

I SEE the leaves a-falling —  
Falling, the red and yellow leaf ;  
And I know they are a-calling —  
Calling with the voice of grief.

They tell me they are going  
On the Season's fleeting car ;  
But I see them only showing  
How Life's season fleets afar.

I will not hear their voices :  
Youth's spring — I cannot let it go ;  
Every flower and leaf rejoices —  
Wintry Age cannot be so.

I'll take that brooklet, singing  
Endless sonnets, for my friend :  
Be not always, dear one, bringing  
Signals, leaf-like, of youth's end.

Hear him shouting gayly, 'Never !'  
As he whirls the miller's wheel ;  
Then goes dancing seaward ever,  
Laughing at the woes we feel.

But the ice shall come and cover  
Up this rogue, and hide his might ;  
And you'll see this summer lover  
Stiffen in the winter night.

Rustle, then, and laugh, ye branches !  
Fling your leaves, and tell me so :  
Pour them down in avalanches —  
Load the autumn winds that blow.

Youth must vanish, that is certain ;  
But I trample on your signs :  
Looking through this leafy curtain,  
Read a bud-life's mystic lines.

Yes, I see the leaves are falling —  
Falling, the red and yellow leaf ;  
And I know that they are calling ;  
But their voice no more is grief.

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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SERMONS. By REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON. Four Series: in four Volumes. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1859.

WHEN the brilliant enthusiast LAMENNAIS, then a young Roman Catholic divine, was condemned by the civil tribunal for the force with which he had advocated at once religion and liberty, he energetically exclaimed: 'We will show them what kind of a man a priest is!' He had been one of the most charming of religionists, and one of the most devout disciples and firmest champions of the Church; yet his career from this time was strangely eccentric. His excellent purity of character remained, his sincerity no one questioned, his rare ability was attested by every word that he spoke, his enthusiasm carried before it a whole populace, his writings were so luminous and so loving, that they might almost be the text-books for the millennium; and yet the priest in him was ruined. He died beloved and wondered at by all Frenchmen: but in obedience to his last request, no religious rite was performed at his funeral, and no religious sanctions hallowed his grave. It was only before his resolute exclamation, before he rushed wildly forth from the orbit prescribed by the Church, that he showed the beauty of the priesthood. In what followed, in the long period in which his gentle spirit battled with the world, he illustrated chiefly what the priest ought not to be.

There are many clergymen of the present time who are endeavoring, like LAMENNAIS, only with less force and fervor, to teach what kind of man the priest is. That severe official character which distinguished alike the Hebrew prophets, the Christian fathers, and the Protestant reformers — that singleness of eye, and renunciation of every thing but the duties of one high calling, which alone can give the minister his proper efficiency — are becoming too rare among the more prominent members of the clergy. When we receive a new book from a reverend author, we are very far from being able to anticipate which one of the seven sciences it will treat of. We are not only in doubt as to the subject of the book, but even as to whether that subject will be discussed in a particularly religious spirit. There is a great deal of poor poetry, mock metaphysics, incomplete learning, shallow argumentation, and feeble-forcible assertion distributed in sermons and volumes to the long-suffering, religiously-disposed public, by ambitious divines. There is nothing else so effective or so beautiful as simplicity; and simplicity is no where else so effective

and so beautiful as in the pulpit. Would that our preachers and ecclesiastical authors might become aware of this truth, and by dropping all vain and false display, and by adhering strictly to their *rôle*, give us at once better learning and purer religion.

We do not believe that mere dulness is the worst defect common to sermons. There are some kinds of vivacity that are vastly more stupid than dulness; and any sermon in which the spirit of worship does not predominate over every thing else in it—over criticism, history, dialectics, rhetoric, and all manner of arts, sciences, and antiquities—is simply a misnomer and a monster. The central life of the clergyman must be a religious spirit, of which all his acts should be witnesses; he should be the model to his lay brethren of separation from whatsoever is frivolous and unimportant in the world; and he should gird himself carefully in the robe of his peculiar integrity, lest, as he ranges through the realm of thought, like LAMENNAIS, he lose the brightness of that faith which is of the heart more than of the head, and therefore fail in his chief end.

The sermons of FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON are the first since those of ROBERT HALL, the publication of which has produced a general interest and sensation. A temporary or partial interest has often been raised by controversial, or perhaps by revival sermons; but these are the first in our generation which are read by intelligent men of all sects and avocations with equal admiration. They have not, however, the massive, balanced, and almost faultless rhetorical character which distinguishes those of ROBERT HALL. Many of them are only the notes and memories of sermons delivered extemporaneously; and the suggestive manner in which one pithy sentence succeeds another, contrasts strikingly with the rotund and inane verbiage too common in pulpit performances.

Their main charm is, that they are purely sermons; that they exhibit an intellectual and energetic man—strongly impressed by religion, and discoursing of religious subjects in a religious way. Their popularity, both in England and the United States, proves that not even our scientific and materialistic age is weary of faith; and that if the clergy do not find sympathetic audiences, it is their own fault. They display a liberal spirit, which is not at the same time indifferent, and superior learning, taste, and acuteness, which are constantly brought to bear directly upon some vital point of thought or action. With a clearness of spiritual and intellectual insight which is most remarkable, the preacher now illumines a dark problem of experience, and now cuts at a stroke some knot of theology which a commentator or dogmatist would be long in untying. Mr. ROBERTSON's early tastes were for the military profession, and the soldier appears in his sermons not only in the frequent view of life as a warfare, but in the skilful choice of effective words, and in the energy which makes every new sentence advance to a new position. The reader can hardly fail to have his religious life deepened and rectified by them, and to derive from them clearer views of Christian theology.

Nor will their influence be limited to the laity. They are the key-note, showing the kind of sermons which take effect at the present time; and we trust that the *corps* of the priesthood will learn to fall back upon their special calling and special type of character, and give us the peculiar beauty of the Protestant ministry.

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY: Collected and Edited by CHARLES A. DANA. Fourth edition. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. 1859.

A PORTION of the literary critics in our country form a craft which doubtless better deserves to figure in a new 'Dunciad' than any other living set of men. A selection might be made from all that is said about any new book by all the newspapers and reviews, which would contain more of human folly and stupidity than could be combined in any other way. It would present the most various illustrations of *comme il ne faut pas écrire*. The publishers of Mr. DANA's 'Household Book' have recently entertained the public, by issuing in an advertisement specimens of all sorts of notices to which that book has been subject, and a finer exhibition of wool-gathering could hardly be given. Friends and enemies, wits and dolts, from all points of the compass, express their minds one after the other, to the utter confusion of every sincere inquirer. All virtues and vices are alternately attributed and denied to the volume, till the mystified reader might well forget the original question. Our present design is not to repeat our commendations of the completeness, order, and beauty of the 'Household Book of Poetry,' but to suggest to publishers to occasionally reciprocate the courtesies of critics, by collecting in their advertisements the most glaring memorials of critical ignorance, or wilful perversion with personal *animus*. A good book would not suffer by this method, and a few such exposures in the pillory might improve the critics. We hope the example may be followed, and that the advertising columns of the newspapers will more frequently be rendered comic, by displaying the judgments of the different species of literary DOGBERRIES.

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A JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON. By the Countess of BLESSINGTON. With a Sketch of the Life of the Author. Boston: WILLIAM VEAZIE. 1859.

It is probable that contemporary books form too large a proportion of the reading of the American public. The philosopher who refused to read any thing till it had been published a year, was certainly wiser than the many people who neglect the old authors, in order to keep pace with the reviews and latest publications. The new editions of some of the more recent English classics, by a Boston firm, of which Lady BLESSINGTON's 'Conversations with Lord BYRON' is the last, are unsurpassed in style by the issues of any American publishing-house. The same works have not before been offered in so satisfactory a form for libraries. The 'Journal of Conversations with Lord BYRON' was the most favorably received of the various writings of the Countess of BLESSINGTON, and is a pleasant memorial of English society and literature in the last generation. The period is gone by only far enough to be suggestive without being strange. Perhaps Lord BYRON appears nowhere else so well as in the pages of his amiable reporter, though she is not his eulogist; and as he is assuredly judged, as a man, too harshly and inadequately by most persons, it is desirable that the sunny side of his character, revealed in this book, should be perpetuated. His reported conversation contains many striking and novel sayings, worthy of his poetical renown.

FUTURE LIFE: OR SCENES IN ANOTHER WORLD. By GEORGE WOOD New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON. 1858.

THE author of 'PETER SCHLEMIHL in America' would better have let the future life alone. We confess to being disgusted with his revelations concerning the doings of the beatified. The scene of his story might as well have been in England, or California, or Constantinople, or, for aught we know, in Abyssinia or Kamschatka, as in Heaven. It is simply in a place where the people are orthodox, and say, 'How beautiful!'—where persons who have been acquainted on earth 'exchange glad congratulations at meeting each other under such happy circumstances;' where there is a great deal of talk about marrying and giving in marriage, and other sublunary affairs; where anachronisms are in order; where women debate church history: where Saint PERPETUA speculates 'with the deepest anxiety' on the question of American convents; where a pandemonium of metaphysical discussion is got up between Lord BACON, DUNS SCOTUS, THOMAS AQUINAS, BLAISE PASCAL, JONATHAN EDWARDS, and MRS. JAY; where they have very magnificent and fashionable concerts, using in them apparently the best earthly wind-instruments; where every thing is very elegant, but where nobody is any wiser, better, or brighter than terrestrial people who have had a fair literary and religious training. The burden of this life is transferred to the skies, excepting that all the characters in the book seem to have the conveniences of wealth. We estimate that Mr. Wood's ideas of heaven, bating the anachronisms, could be enjoyed on the earth for an income of something less than ten thousand dollars per annum. The volume attempts to describe scenes of which no poet or romancer should treat, unless he be a master of power and of beauty. Mr. Wood is often quaint and vigorous, and his work has passages worthy of his reputation; but he proves himself a poor hand at following DANTE. He has produced neither good poetry, philosophy, nor religion, and only a poor satire.

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JOAN OF ARC: OR THE MAID OF ORLEANS. From MICHELET's History of France. New-York: STANFORD AND DELISSER. 1858.

THIS little book is a translation from one of the ablest French historians, by Mr. O. W. WIGHT, the translator also of several of COUSIN's philosophical writings. The heroine, who has so variously figured in poetry, is presented from a strictly historic point of view. She was only an eminent instance of that religious and loyal inspiration which, in the fourteenth century, was often found united with the utmost simplicity of character. Her success is attributed to her good sense, as much as to her courage, piety, and realizing imagination. The editor has put the narrative into clear and idiomatic English, and the publishers have issued it in appropriate form. It is the opinion of Mr. WIGHT, that our prosy American homes need to be illumined by the presence of heroes and of heroines, and to this end, he purposes issuing a series of portraits of the most brilliant and worthy historical personages, drawn by the most skilful hands.

THE HANDBOOK OF STANDARD OR AMERICAN PHONOGRAPHY. By ANDREW J. GRAHAM. New-York: Phonetic Depot. 1858.

WE have found an examination of this book quite as suggestive as the history of the telegraph or of any other of the recent triumphs of art and physical science. It illustrates finely an age which is very *fast* — in an intellectual if not in a moral sense. Beginning with first principles, it proposes to write the English language as it is sounded. It then, by a series of most remarkable reductions, which as a matter of intellectual curiosity would delight any man, compresses the written language to such brevity, that it can be written as rapidly as spoken. Every thing becomes short as well as quick; a dot or a curve takes the place of words; a line contains the printed matter of an ordinary page; and a big old folio tome, such as monks used to spend a life-time in writing, would, in reporting short-hand style, make a handsome little volume to be carried in the pocket, and to be read of an evening. Every great improvement suggests new ideals. The ideal world of phonography and stenography is a time when written words shall be as obedient to thought as speech is now; when reading shall cease to be slow, and books unwieldy; when all the news of the newspaper can be written on the space of a thumb-nail, and read at a glance; when a scholar shall be able to carry the whole Alexandrian library in his pockets; and when our present fashion of penmanship shall be as antiquated as a stage-coach is now. The work of Mr. GRAHAM contains all the information on the subject, whether for a person desiring to learn the new art, or for one who is only curious about it.

A YACHT VOYAGE. LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES: being some Account of a Voyage in the Schooner-Yacht 'Foam,' 85 O. M. to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, in 1856. By LORD DUFFERIN. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. 1859.

MORALISTS are of opinion that a very small act may reveal very great qualities; and the volume of LORD DUFFERIN is proof of how much wit, sense, taste, culture, scholarship, refinement, manliness, and vigor may be displayed in a yacht-voyage. A more charming book, of the lighter sort, has not recently appeared. It should be read by any person who wishes to see human nature in a very happy light. The interest of the voyage, one of the most daring on record, three thousand miles northward to points far within the polar circle, would be considerable, even if told by a dull narrator; but the author has an equally faultless knack of describing the craft, the icy scenery, and that institution called human society, which flourishes even at Spitzbergen. Freshness and taste distinguish every page of the book, and the narrative is interspersed at intervals with historic tales, bits of science, northern sagas, and several most remarkable displays of Latinity. The author is a descendant of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, and a nephew of the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. His book has already passed through five or six editions in England, and it would be an indication of the good taste of the public, if it should do the same in this country.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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EDITORIAL NARRATIVE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE: REMINISCENCES OF THE SANCTUM AND OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS. — We have an abiding faith, and a strong hope, that under the foregoing head we may be able to add somewhat to the interest of this department of our Magazine. We were scarcely aware, until we began to collect the matériel for the work, what an amount of fact and of reminiscence it would naturally involve. But 'enough on this point,' as the fly said, when impaled upon the wall by the conservative pin of an entomologist. Let us 'begin at the beginning.'

The first number of the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE was issued on the first day of January, 1833, under the editorial charge of CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, Esq. He chose to adopt the title *Knickerbocker*, (with the *a*,) as being more consonant with the spelling adopted by the honored families of that name, long resident in the snug nestling-places along the Hudson. It was but a short time, however, before it was made to assume the cognomen of the immortal historian of New-York, as given to that worthy by his god-father, WASHINGTON IRVING. A well-designed and well-engraved frontispiece to the 'Introductory Paper,' represented a younger counterpart of the venerable historian seated in a high-backed chair at a table covered with ancient books and other literary paraphernalia, gazing pen in hand, as if collecting his wandering thoughts, through an open window, at the few Dutch dwellings which once constituted the great city of Nieuw-Amsterdam. The young editor falls into a reverie: a mysterious influence gradually prevails in the room where he is sitting; the very furniture undergoes a striking metamorphosis: a mirror, which was one of the ornaments of the apartment, no longer reflects the form and lineaments of the writer, but 'another figure, an actual being, although not of this world,' sits opposite to him.

This phantom was the *Eidolon* of the veritable and venerable DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER; dressed in a coat of rusty black, a pair of olive-velvet breeches, and a three-cornered beaver: very benevolent in expression, and with a certain briskness in his appearance, which seemed almost incompatible with the gloomy sternness of an apparition. Raising his little cocked hat from his head, from which a few gray hairs, plaited and clubbed behind, depended, the PHANTOM proceeds to

ask a few pregnant questions, and to proffer some well-considered advice to his youthful successor. He chides the rash presumption which would essay to retrieve a city from the degeneracy into which it had fallen since it passed from under the sway of its ancient Dutch dynasty, and like an over-grown younker, had become too big for its jacket: and was especially severe upon him for having assumed a name, which, as that of a lofty and venerable annalist, was now embalmed with those of THUCYDIDES and XENOPHON, LIVY, TACITUS, and POLYBIUS, DIODORUS and ABOUL HASSAN ALY, the Son of ALKHAH, DIONYSIUS of HALICARNASSUS, SANCHONIATHON, MANETHO, and BAROSUS.

The ire of the venerable SHADE is pacified with the assurance, that nothing so presumptuous as the idea of supplying *his* place, as the quondam guardian of his favorite city, was for a moment contemplated: that his name had been adopted only as good Catholics, when they take the cowl, sometimes adopt that of their tutelar saint. A pride of citizenship, still strong among the townsmen of the immortal historian, was to be inculcated, distinct entirely from a mere *cockney* spirit, in this great mart of intelligence as well as of business: and talent, generally, from each and every part of our country, was to be elicited and encouraged. Much sensible comment, from both interlocutors, was evolved concerning the want of originality in many of our American writers: our writings and our approval of writings were both second-hand: we imitated the most flimsy productions which appeared abroad, and then approved of those imitations as 'American;' while 'critics,' so-called, afraid to be accused of a want of patriotism, sanctioned where they despised, and approved where they ought to condemn.

With this, and much more advice, the kindly and benevolent PHANTOM suddenly vanished into thin air, and so departed. Save that it was somewhat too 'long-drawn out,' and in portions a little stilted and apostrophic, with its 'thee's and 'thou's, and other un-DIEDRICH terms and expletives, this introduction was well conceived and felicitously executed, and reflected much credit, at the time, upon the fanciful resources of Mr. HOFFMAN.

And here let us pause for a moment, to say a few brief words concerning our first predecessor in the editorship of the KNICKERBOCKER. He was a true lover of NATURE, and of her sports and pastimes: a genial companion, and an accomplished GENTLEMAN, at a time when that much-abused term *meant* something. He had a wonderful facility and fecundity in poetical composition. Many of his 'Songs,' especially, some of which, as we are informed, were literally 'thrown off at a heat,' have scarcely been exceeded in their kind by those of any American writer. And without citing any others, let us mention one, '*Sparkling and Bright*,' which will be as fresh and as spirited when the author is 'a handful of dust' as it was at the moment it came from his warm and genial heart. The first of its three stanzas will recall it to the mind of every tasteful American reader:

'SPARKLING and bright, in liquid light,  
Does the wine our goblets gleam in,  
With hue as red as the rosy bed  
Which a bee would choose to dream in.  
Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,  
To loves as gay and fleeting  
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
And break on the lips while meeting!'

The music to which this song was so delightfully wedded, was of a character well calculated to enhance its popularity and perpetuate its longevity. The 'Songs' of Mr. HOFFMAN, however, acceptable as they were to the public, and to his numerous friends, were by no means the productions through which he was most favorably known to the reading world. His 'Greyslaer,' 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie,' 'Winter in the West,' and 'The Vigil of Faith, a Legend of the Adirondack Mountains,' his longest poem, gained and retained for him an enviable literary reputation.

Mr. HOFFMAN continued only for a comparatively brief period to discharge the editorial duties of the KNICKERBOCKER: he subsequently became the proprietor and chief editor of '*The American Monthly Magazine*,' which he conducted for a long time with signal ability: devoting himself during upward of a year of the time to the conduct of '*The New-York Mirror*' for its proprietor, Gen. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

It is a sad and painful thought, to reflect, that one so gifted, so gentle, so open to all the influences of nature and affection, should have been so untimely cut off from the world. We say 'cut off from the world:' for what *is* his world? 'A land of darkness, and the shadow of death:' where *no* light is, but 'ever-during dark.' His mind-vacuity, we are told, is even darker from its previous 'excess of light.' He has for years recognized no former familiar face: even upon the face of his own brother, the eloquent and lamented OGDEN HOFFMAN, his large, lustrous, liquid blue eyes, which once would have beamed with the welcoming light of an affectionate heart, rested with a look as of brooding anger, or of solemn, silent gloom. It is our impression, that Mr. HOFFMAN's insanity did not come upon him quite so suddenly as is by many persons supposed. We remember being very much impressed, in common with several other persons present, one evening at a supper, preparatory to an annual Festival of the associated KNICKERBOCKERS, with his 'strange words and ways.' It was in a fine apartment of the old City Hotel. Mr. HOFFMAN rose to respond to some pleasant sentiment springing from the occasion, or to reply to some toast in compliment to himself. It was early in the evening: he began, with eloquence and coherency; but presently he waxed more and more vehement: at length, he began to wander from his theme, amidst the glances of several present, and the expressed anxiety of one or two especial friends. 'What *can* be the matter with CHARLES?' said a distinguished guest, at whose side we were seated: 'I wish he would sit down: he is *spuming* like a beer-barrel.' Very soon he *did* sit down: the deep blue eye, almost covered by the lustrous pupil, had grown dim: he left the table, and reposed upon a sofa, for the most part entirely silent, until the party broke up. There is little doubt (as any idea of excess, with him, was out of the question) that even thus early, 'the dark mood' had begun to work its havoc upon his brain.

We have never *learned* why it was that Mr. HOFFMAN's connection with the KNICKERBOCKER ceased so soon as it did; but from what we have *heard*, we have been led to the inference, that it was owing to some disagreement between himself and the first publisher of the work; a stirring, business little man, smart as a Yankee steel-trap, who knew how to set up his little sails wherever they would 'draw,' singly or all together, the slightest breath of the *aura popularis*. Not but that he meant to make a good work of the Magazine — for BRYANT, SANDS, and

PAULDING were contributors of excellent papers, in prose and verse, to the very first number: but literary '*puffing*' seemed more 'glaring and flaring' at that period than it does at present: and Mr. HOFFMAN's publisher did not fail to avail himself of the requisite devices, to the fullest extent. There is some reason, we fancy, to believe, that the success of this trick of gaining the public ear caused the publisher to gradually grow indifferent as to the *quality* of the literary wares which were presented through the Magazine to the public. An amusing illustration of the correctness of this supposition occurs to us at this moment. It was related to us of SAMUEL L. KNAPP, (long deceased, and well known to American readers,) who vouched for the fact.

He had written a prose communication for the KNICKERBOCKER, of which he desired, when placed in type, that a proof-sheet should be sent him. It was accordingly sent, as he had requested, but *minus* the conclusion — upward of three-quarters of a page. This he dispatched a lad for, who returned for answer that all the matter had been sent — at least all that could be printed.

Mr. KNAPP hastened at once to the publication-office: 'What is it that I hear,' he asked of the publisher, 'about my article? You have n't sent me the whole of the proof.'

'Not *quite* — I know it, KNAPP; but there is n't *much* of it left off. See, I'll tell you how it is, KNAPP: if I have that three-quarters of a page carried over — the printers have 'cast off,' what they call, 'see, and printed on *beyond* — then I shall have to have another sheet, or *half* sheet, any way, besides sp'illin' the pagin' of what's been printed.'

Struck with this flattering view of the case, Mr. KNAPP said: 'Leave out the article *altogether*, then. You've made a period, or full-stop, of a comma, and closed the article at the bottom of a page, leaving out its very *gist* — the termination of the whole thing: its whole interest will be lost.'

'Oh! never mind, KNAPP,' said the publisher: 'let it go as it is: it reads pretty good.'

'It must either come out entire, or go into the magazine as I've written it,' exclaimed, with emphasis, the irate author.

'Let it stand, *this* time,' remonstrated, coaxingly, the equally 'set-in-his-way' publisher: 'let it stand *this* time: 't wont do *you* any hurt, *any* way: *nobody* will read it!'

It was this *last* hair, which 'broke the camel's back.' It is needless, perhaps, to add, that the article in question came out bodily, and something more compressible was made to take its place.

We mention this anecdote for the purpose of suggesting, that a literary judgment so accommodating might not always have coincided with the refined and fastidious taste of the editor. It is but fair to add, however, that long after this, the publisher aforesaid, then a resident of London, was a lively and piquant picker-up of unconsidered trifles for one or more weekly American journals, in Boston and New-York. He maintained to the last the reputation of being 'smart,' whatever may be the exact definition of that term.

One among the most eminent, the most humorous and drily-witty of the contributors to the first number of the KNICKERBOCKER, was in his grave when a frag-

mentary portion of an article from his pen appeared in the first issue of the magazine for which it was written. ROBERT C. SANDS, well known as 'a scholar, and a ripe and good one,' devoted to literature with a rare ardor and constancy, was 'struck with DEATH' while writing an humorous paper entitled '*Poetry of the Esquimaux*' for this work. With intense application, he had devoted himself to the study of rare and curious works upon Greenland and the frozen latitudes, in order to fill his mind with ideas of the Esquimaux modes of life, their traditions and their mythology. His introduction to the article was a review of an imaginary book of translations from the Esquimaux language, and he had written two fragments, which he intended for supposed specimens of Greenland poetry. He had written, with a pencil, the following line, doubtless suggested by some topic in the Greenland mythology,

'Oh! think not my spirit among you abides!'

when his arm was palsied by the Great DESTROYER. Below this line, on the original manuscript, were observed, after his death, several irregular pencil-marks, extending nearly across the page, as if traced by a hand that moved in darkness, or no longer obeyed the impulse of the will. He rose, opened the door, and attempted to pass out of the room, but fell on the threshold. On being assisted to his chamber, and placed on the bed, he was observed to raise his powerless right arm with the other, and looking at it, to shed tears. From this severe apoplectic stroke he shortly after relapsed into a lethargy, from which he never awoke: for in less than four hours from the attack, he expired without a struggle.

The fragment of the article begun by him for the KNICKERBOCKER, although indicating his quaint combinations of language and grotesque associations of ideas, derived its principal interest, in its unfinished state, from the fearful catastrophe by which it was interrupted. We shall have occasion, hereafter, to revert again to SANDS, and perhaps to quote some curious and characteristic passages from entertaining letters to his friends, the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, Philadelphia, and the late JOHN NEILSON, Jr., of New-York. Poor SANDS, so untimely cut off, was buried beyond the Elysian Fields, in the old burying-ground at Hoboken, among the kindred who had been laid there before him. WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK seldom came from Philadelphia to visit his twin-brother, without crossing with him to Hoboken, and repairing to the last resting-place of his friend and correspondent, for whom his affection and admiration were equally ardent and sincere, to the day of his death. A tall marble pillar, upon a darker marble pedestal, marked the place of his friend's grave; contiguous to that, as we remember, of his father, COMFORT SANDS, a well-known and distinguished merchant of New-York. It is something more than a twelve-month since we last visited the spot, with an old and esteemed friend: *then* the monument rose white and pure above the humbler testimonials of affection among which it was placed. But the rural shades of Hoboken can scarcely be called rural shades any longer. Hoboken is not now what it was, when BRYANT crossed over the Hudson, after his daily editorial toil, and, with the salt breeze from the ocean 'breathing through the lattice' of his cottage, wrote his immortal lines '*To the Evening Wind*;' which, but for his innate modesty, (so generally, if not always, coupled with true genius,) we might almost

fancy him reading to his near neighbor and friend, SANDS, from the yet rough draft of his manuscript. No: nor was it at the *present* Hoboken, where SANDS himself drew those humorous sketches of his '*Thoughts on Hand-Writing*,' '*Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins*,' '*Mr. Villecour and his Neighbors*,' '*Associations*,' etc., which possess that conservative, vital principle, which so informed the writings of LAMB, and which the world '*cannot* let die,' whether the said world be '*willing*' or not; and that it will not be in a *hurry* to be, to say the least. Ah! no: to drop this long digression: 'Hoboken, the Fair,' so apostrophized and almost deified by the old newspaper-bards of New-York, cannot now even hide the last resting-place of her SANDS, in what were then her '*far-sequestered shades*.' The northern ends of long streets abut upon the green grave-enclosure where he lies: and in the farther 'diggings' going on, sheer down to the city-grade, the white bone-deposits which we see, are evidences of similar 'placers,' which (possibly while we are writing) are still opening beyond: since dead men, lying buried at this season, near a great metropolis, are 'birds of passage:' for (did you ever chance to remark it?) 'their flight is in the winter.' Somehow or other, we seem to think less of these terrible desecrations of our departed friends, when the very elements become our enemies. Well might BRYANT desire a summer-burial and a summer-grave.

In the commencement of the Fourth Number of the Second Volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, (in October, 1833,) Rev. TIMOTHY FLINT, then recently from the West, assumed the editorship of the work. Mr. FLINT was, at a former period, an Unitarian clergyman, in a small village in Massachusetts; and had removed West, as we gather from an authentic source, to officiate, in a portion of the valley of the Mississippi, as a missionary of the denomination whose creed he was to deliver. We may remark, simply, as we shall have occasion to speak somewhat farther in relation to him in another place, that he was born in Pennsylvania, but was educated in Massachusetts, having graduated from Harvard College, at Cambridge, in the year 1800. He was an author who deserved a wider repute than he attained. His '*Recollections of the Mississippi*,' and his '*History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley*,' were excellent productions. His perceptions of outward nature were clear; his feeling strong; his coloring vivid: in brief, his style (although sometimes complained of for its minuteness of detail, especially in descriptive passages) was generally remarkable for simplicity and force.

In assuming the editorial chair of the KNICKERBOCKER, Mr. FLINT, 'disavowing any agency in the supervision of the work, up to that time,' explained briefly his motives for 'taking the burthen upon his shoulders.' In the hope of reëstablishing his health, which had become impaired during his residence at the West, he was desirous of trying a change of climate. What he promised, in his introductory editorial remarks, we believe he did his best to perform, while he was connected with the management of the magazine. His aim was, to foster *Genuine American Literature*, to the extent of his ability; to put forth his utmost exertions to call out and encourage latent talent; to throw his mite (and his might) 'into the scale of true taste, good learning, sound morals and religion, and the great interests of society, so far as literature might be made to bear upon them.' One thing he avowed, which we admired at the time, and do admire and honor still. He did not intend that *his* career-editorial, at least, should be a life-militant. In proffering the



customary courtesies to his brother-editors, he bore his earnest testimony against the correctness of what he seemed to think was a then too prevalent opinion in the editorial creed, ('begotten in ignorance, and born of prolific POLITICS,') that 'malignity is inspiration; volubility, eloquence; abuse, wit; and victory, the last word.' Such were the feelings, and such were the motives, with which Mr. FLINT entered upon his duties. In connection with another remark, contained in the introduction to which we have here alluded, namely, that 'the Magazine had already been assailed, on the presumption that he was the editor,' it is proper to say, that he was cordially welcomed by the press generally, and that he won, and merited, the esteem and coöperation of the endowed and the good.

Aside from what must have been the task of a general supervision of the work, Mr. FLINT's communications to the body of the Magazine, specially from his own pen, were not numerous. In his opening number, it is easy to trace as his — 'from his style,' if there were no initials — the '*Reminiscences of a Journey from Cincinnati to Boston*,' (literally the 'Diary of an Invalid;') the scorching article upon '*Travellers in America*,' a running review of the more or less lively or stupid books upon this country, of TROLLOPE, STUART, 'CYRIL THORNTON,' FIDDLER, *et omne genus*; with the first-named of whom, from her extended residence in Cincinnati, while he was a distinguished citizen of that then fast-rising and flourishing city, he was well acquainted: and truth to say, he rendered her such 'ample justice,' that she was thereafter well known throughout the whole length and breadth of the United States: and this satisfied a wide curiosity, and supplied a most important desideratum: for every body, at that time, was asking, 'Who is Mrs. TROLLOPE? *Trollope!*! — what a name! Expect it is a sham!' But it was *no* 'sham,' nor the old woman either. In the next number appeared '*The First Steam-Boat on the La Plata, or the Monogamist*,' involving a story of 'The Cure of Vanity,' one of the longest, and many think one of the best, of his earlier contributions to the KNICKERBOCKER.

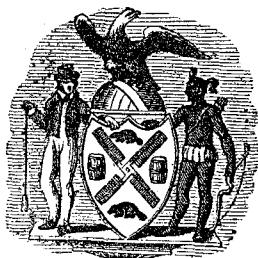
'A Chapter in the Life of a Bachelor,' in the opening number of the volume for January, 1834, we take to be the last of the long communications to the body of the work, furnished by Mr. FLINT, while it was carried on under his reputed management: for at this time he was liberally assisted, if not superseded, by Mr. SAMUEL DALY LANGTREE, afterward, for several numbers, his successor in the control of its pages.

Mr. LANGTREE was at this time the literary, or review-editor, of the *New-York Commercial Advertiser*, so long under the principal management of the late Colonel WILLIAM L. STONE, a journal still surviving, in vigorous maturity, and as industriously and capably edited, among its 'live' and enterprising competitors, as ever. To much research and general scholarship, Mr. LANGTREE added a correct taste, and a tact and capacity in the '*science* of reviewing,' to which, in our judgment, a man 'is born, not made,' to as great a degree as a poet. To take up the multitudinous works, which at that time encumbered the tables of newspaper editors, and in a few brief, sententious, and comprehensive paragraphs, impart to the general and merely casual reader a fair and faithful *résumé* of the same; (*reading* each one, let us observe, as a kind of necessary preliminary;) to do this well, required a talent of a rare and peculiar kind: and this talent, Colonel STONE once

remarked to us, Mr. LANGTREE possessed to a degree which he had seldom seen surpassed. We have no means of forming a judgment as to what 'Original Papers' proper Mr. LANGTREE furnished to the Magazine. The review-department, which was well conducted, was unquestionably under his sole control, if not entirely from his own rapid and prolific pen. He took leave of the work in the number for April, 1834, at which time it passed under the editorial direction of the writer hereof, where it has remained 'even unto this day.'

We are now 'upon our own ground;' and shall proceed, (p.v.,) in succeeding numbers, to diversify this department of our Magazine with reminiscences which belong to 'us and ours:' to speak of things, 'all of which we saw, and part of which we were:' at least, we were 'there, or thereabout.' It won't perhaps be quite so heavy reading, when we 'get goin' on good.'

#### Proceedings at the Festival of Saint Nicholas.



THE members of this time-honored fraternity, *quo rum pars est* KNICKERBOCKER, celebrated their annual festival on the sixth day of December (Saint NICHOLAS' day) at the St. NICHOLAS Hotel. The attendance of members and guests was even larger than usual; and the dinner was enjoyed with manifestations of the heartiest hilarity and humor, the festivities being prolonged to a late hour.

The members held their regular meeting on the same evening, at which the newly-elected officers and high dignitaries were ceremoniously installed by the redoubtable and ever-juvenile J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN, Esq., with a jocund seriousness for which he has always been considered *facile princeps*.

It is quite generally known that our Society was instituted for the purpose of preserving the remembrance of the ancient habits and customs of our Dutch forefathers, the founders of this great city, in danger of destruction by the inroads of the nomadic tribes of New-England. The ancient families of New-York were well represented on the occasion, which gave renewed assurance of generations yet to come, armed with the virtues social and political which characterized our ancestors, and gave them a name enduring as the rolling waves. It is a pleasant feature in the social aspect of this city of the world, great for its commerce, its philanthropy, its hospitality, its great virtues, and alas! for its great vices, to witness a merry gathering of citizens claiming descent from ancestors born on the soil, and coëval with its Dutch governors, whose only ambition, whose only pride, is to honor the memories and virtues of their sires: and we commend it as having not only a healthy moral, but in these degenerate days, a sound and conservative political influence. We were delighted to see present so many holding high public office, and boasting themselves descendants of the ancient KNICKERBOCKERS. The union of virtue, talent, and station on this brilliant occasion gave us confidence to repeat the sentiment of the Roman poet:

'JAM Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque  
Priscus et neglecta redire Virtus  
Audet, apparetque beata pleno  
Copia cornu.'

Let the festival be annually celebrated, and the virtues of our forefathers ever remembered!

The PRESIDENT, HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, presided, rejoicing in the cockéd-hat of former days, and decorated with the insignia of the Society. On the table before him was silently crowing the memorable cock, over the points of the compass; and his everlasting north-east look betokened an enduring fear of eastern irruption. From that point came the storms and the dangers that disturbed the serenity of the old KNICKERBOCKERS: for it seems, that while the New-Englanders evinced a fondness for Dutchmen, the latter manifested no strong affinity for their peregrinating neighbors. We say that the Puritans were fond of the Dutch, because it was in Holland that they first disembarked, before landing on their eternal rock of Plymouth, whence their descendants have come, in countless crowds, to this ancient Dutch city, to renew the affections of their ancestors. The reason is obvious: the English Pilgrims left their native homes for the sake of the Gospel: the Dutch Pilgrims for the sake of making money; and even unto this day these characteristics prevail; our eastern brethren indicating no disposition for filthy lucre.

On either side of the President sat the invited guests. The Army and Navy, and the Societies of Saint GEORGE, Saint ANDREW, Saint PATRICK, and Saint JONATHAN, were eminently represented. The Vice-Presidents occupied seats at the heads of the long tables; and the Stewards, in consequence of a numerous attendance of members, were indefatigable in their attentions to the gastronomic requirements of the delighted company. The regular toasts were as follows:

'1. SAINT NICHOLAS: Our Patron Saint: Good heilig Man. Music: *'Mynheer Van Donck.'*

Drunk with great cheering. The St. NICHOLAS Glee Club then sang with good taste and effect the fine glee of *'Mynheer Van Donck.'*

'2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: *'President's March.'*

This toast was drunk with enthusiastic cheering, the members all rising from their seats.

'3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: *'Governor's March.'*

Drunk with hearty cheers.

'4. THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES: The proud history of the Past is the earnest of a glorious Future. Music: *'Yankee Doodle and Star-Spangled Banner.'*

Major General Wool happily responded for the Army amid great applause. Commodore BREEZE, with the like applause, responded for the Navy.

'5. THE UNION: Many States, but One People—Honorable rivalry—No jealousy—One destiny. Music: *'Hail Columbia.'*

The PRESIDENT, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced the Hon. Senator CRITTENDEN, who was vehemently cheered, and responded to the toast with sentiments of ardent patriotism, and in a manner which enchained attention and produced a strikingly-marked effect. He maintained that the Union was the soul of the nation, and that its extinction would be the extinction of our national life. We were acting upon a principle of self-preservation in endeavoring by all the means in our power to preserve the UNION, and the glorious memories of the PAST, the high duties of the PRESENT, and the lofty hopes of the FUTURE: these alike admonished and bound us the more

firmly to that compact. The speaker alluded, in glowing language, to WILLIAM of Orange, and the Dutch Republic. The ancestors of the members of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, he said, came to this country imbued with the spirit of true republicanism. He felt proud to speak before the members of this Society, who were bound to the Union by every obligation of sentiment and love; although he himself was a KENTUCKIAN, and loved his native State. He drew a striking comparison between the New-York of the present day, and that of a century ago; and asked, what could be thought of the man who, in the face of this magnificent present and gorgeous future, could contemplate the dissolution of this Union: the UNION—not alone a means for the preservation of our liberties, but an END! He believed the men of New-York to be Union men. The speaker concluded with the toast:

'The Memory of your Ancestors of the City of New-York.'

'6. HOLLAND: The Mother of Free States. Music: *'Wilhelmus Van Nassauwen.'*'

The Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, who has lately returned from foreign travel, in his usual terse, cheerful, and eloquent manner responded, and gave a graphic picture of the country and people of Holland. The Doctor was in his happiest vein, and was listened to by an audience eager to catch every syllable which he uttered. He remarked that our people had a bright example of freedom in the people of Holland, who achieved it after a struggle of eighty years: that England received many a lesson of freedom from Holland; and that England, as contrasted with the nations of Continental Europe, is free indeed. Our own nation is one of those of which Holland was the mother, and New-York is indebted to Holland for what she is.

'7. THE CITY OF NEW-YORK: The Amsterdam of the New-World: Her safety will be secured by a speedy return to the principles and habits of her Founders. Music: *'Home, Sweet Home.'*'

To this toast his Honor Mayor TIEMANN briefly and satisfactorily responded, concluding by giving:

'The State of New-York.'

The PRESIDENT called on Mr. Attorney-General TREMAINE, who, in response, made a brief and rhetorical address, which was received with marks of decided favor.

'8. WOMAN: Mother, Sister, Sweetheart, Wife, Daughter: dearest, sweetest, best names on earth. God bless them all! Music: *'Here's a Health to all Good Lassies.'*'

To this toast Mr. MOUNT spoke in a very forcible, feeling, and effective manner. Afterward the Society were favored with a song by Mr. COLLINS, of the St. NICHOLAS Glee Club.

'9. OUR SISTER SOCIETIES: Kindred in charity, though strangers in blood, Saint NICHOLAS welcomes thee to his home. Music: *'We are a Band of Brothers.'*'

Dr. BEALES, President of the Saint GEORGE'S Society, ADAM NORRIS, Esq., of Saint ANDREW'S, RICHARD O'GORMAN, Esq., of Saint PATRICK'S, and BENJAMIN W. BONNEY, Esq., of the New-England Society, respectively responded.

The PRESIDENT then rose and addressed the Society, thanking them for his reelection; alluding to the past, and with feeling to those who had passed away; and mentioning the honored names of former Presidents, gave a toast which prompted a universal call for the Society's former President, JAMES DE PREYSTER OGDEN, Esq., who answered in his usual felicitous manner, 'with jest and youthful jollity.'

Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, Chairman of the Stewards, made response to the toast in

compliment of their taste and their labors in the preparation of the banquet, which had given such satisfaction and enjoyment. The easy earnestness of the speaker, the merry twinkle of his eye, with fun nestling on his lip and bounteous good-nature irradiating the fulness of a healthy Dutch cheek; ignited the susceptible hearts of his hearers, who, with their good cheer and long pipes gracefully embowered in pendent wreaths of smoke, listened with eager ear, with 'laughter holding both his sides.' Afterward, Mr. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, of the KNICKERBOCKER, in answer to a prolonged call, acknowledged the compliment in a few cordially-received remarks; closing with a sentiment in honor of the genial labors and indefatigable father-land researches of Gen. J. WATTS DE PEYSTER.

Mr. JOHN D. VAN BEUREN, overflowing with a genial wit and humor, for which he has become eminent among the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS, enlivened the company with some clever and sparkling libations, gracefully poured from the fountain of his sympathetic, exuberant good spirits, which were duly honored with hearty and signal tokens of merriment. After a farther course of Reason's-feasting, the health of '*The Proprietors of the Hotel*' was drunk: 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung: the long pipes were snatched, and the company went home

'WHEN lingering stars with lessening ray  
Began to greet the early morn.'

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Were we permitted to mention the distinguished source whence we receive the following, it might 'ventilate' the curiosity of the reader, but would not heighten the *Picture of the Past* which it so vividly conveys:

'It is now a quarter of a century! yes, almost the period of the life of an earthly generation, (and the thought makes us remember that we are no longer young,) since we were sojourning in one of the extreme northern villages of the little State of Vermont. Over-work, and that canker of life, care and anxiety, (for lawyers fit to be trusted, always feel more anxiety for the event of their clients' causes, than they do themselves,) had made us thin and worn and restless and dyspeptic. We must find relief from toil; and space for recreation. We left home without much warning, as many others do; and the good people, when they found we were at Washington, (D. C.,) could scarce conjecture the cause of so sudden a translation. A waggish friend of ours undertook, in a mysterious way, to relieve us and them, by suggesting that he knew the object of our visit to the Capital: and that it was no less than they had conjectured, the pursuit of office, and one of importance and high emolument; but as he had obtained the knowledge of it under the seal of confidence, he scarcely felt justified in disclosing it. After great importunity on one side, and much coyness on the other, he finally promised to disclose, under the same seal of secrecy which carried the discovery to him. He told them the office was one of great importance to such a village as theirs, which had deservedly obtained the cognomen of Tattleborough — it was nothing less than that of Adversary General!

'But this aside. Our good friend now, and for many years has been, sleeping among the tenants of the little village church-yard. The little white church is taken

down and removed to a more central point ; three others erected hard by, to accommodate the endless divisions and sub-divisions into which Christian worship in our country seems to be doomed ; the good pastor and most of his flock, sleep the sleep that knows no waking till the resurrection morn ; and the good people of that little quiet town, having nearly all changed twice over, know nothing, and care as little, for us or our office, be it called one thing or another.

‘But what changes have come over the face of the Republic, and all in that short period of years ! The only rail-way which blessed our progress toward the city of ‘magnificent distances,’ was that between Amboy and Camden, as we passed on during the close of navigation, and had no occasion for the short rail-way between Frenchtown and Newcastle. The route from Philadelphia to Baltimore, with stage-coaches and heavy roads and drunken drivers, required twenty mortal hours for its accomplishment, and from that to Washington nearly ten.

‘And what was Washington then ? The Capitol and the President’s house ; Pennsylvania Avenue and the Patent-Office ; GADSEY’s and the Indian Queen ! But the men who were there ! We shall never look upon their like again ! More great men, gigantic, invincible, terrible combatants than ever met, or ever will meet again, upon American soil. That was the panic session ! General JACKSON, through what the opposition branded as the sycophantic subserviency of his Secretary of the Treasury, the present honored and venerated Chief-Justice TANEY, had just removed the national deposits from the United States Bank, and Congress was in its most terrific commotion. It was a war of giants, and most fearfully did the combatants wrestle for the mastery.

‘On the part of the administration were FORSYTH and KING, of Alabama, and BENTON and GRUNDY and WRIGHT, and a host of second and third-rate men, ever ready to do their bidding.

‘But the mighty phalanx of talent and will, was chiefly in the opposition ; and much of it had been thrown into that attitude by the boldness and apparent want of consideration and candor with which the President had done the act. WEBSTER and CALHOUN and CLAY were the acknowledged leaders of the opposition—men who at all times, and with all men, must have stood alone in unapproachable majesty and solitude ! But then the lesser lights which surrounded this bright constellation were men, who, in other skies, would have shone as stars of the first magnitude. SOUTHWARD and FRELINGHUYSEN, and POINDEXTER and TYLER and RIVES and twenty others of the same grade were brilliant satellites to the brightest luminary which has appeared in our western heavens. For WEBSTER was the sun of the sphere, the majestic centre around which all others revolved. And his short encounters there, upon questions where he felt at home, (for he never spoke unless he did,) exhibited more of the fire of genius, more of burning eloquence than ever blazed forth from human lips in the same brief space. The very intonations of his voice, his very attitude, had the power to create and to destroy.

‘But there was majestic heroism in one far above all ! The tenant of the White House stood alone in unapproachable majesty and heroism. The commerce of the country ! the capital of the country ! the talent of the country !—the three great estates of the empire, had combined against him ; and had sworn a terrific oath, that, come what would, he should retract, and restore the deposits. But that old man in white hairs, the hero of scores of battle-fields, had raised his arm, and sworn an oath no earthly power could recall or release. And come life or death, success or ruin, the deed was done, and with him there was no such word as retreat. His friends might



quail before the storm, might desert him if they would — as in scores they did, and among the foremost in the Halls of Congress too. But calm and unmoved, he awaited the result. He looked for the verdict of posterity, and not in vain!

‘That bright galaxy of talent has all departed: one by one they have lain down to sleep the sleep of history. That commerce is scattered to the winds, and other sails whiten the same seas. That capital, that monster bank, by common consent is banished from the earth as a worthless thing.

‘And now that the vote of censure by the United States Senate upon their venerable Chief-Magistrate, and the expunging of that vote by order of the Senate, and BENTON’S graphic delineation, with almost the distinctness of the painter’s pencil, of that wonderful scene, are all before us, and the actors, both the accused and the accusing, are all gone to their account before high heaven, it is easy to perceive that the glory, the true wisdom, and far-seeing statesmanship is with the chief, rather than with his maligners, or his timid and faint-hearted supporters.

‘But they are all gone from those halls! The Senate and House of Representatives are now tenanted by other names and far other men. And the court-room of the United States Supreme Court, where we shall long remember our introduction by the noble form of WEBSTER, during one of the pauses of an argument, and his happy, nonchalant mode of accomplishing so much by saying so little: ‘His friend was quite too well known to require commendation from him.’ But how known, or to whom? Surely not to them! But MARSHALL, who was for nearly forty years the presiding genius there, and STORY, scarce behind his noble chief, and THOMPSON and BALDWIN and DUVAL, and all but McLEAN, now rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

‘But lest I grow too sad and croaking, let me add, that in material wealth and prosperity, the Republic has made unexampled strides since that day. The twenty-four States have reached the eve of thirty-four. The narrow belt of territory now embraces the continent, and the capitals of different States are embosomed on the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific. And who shall say that, in a quarter of a century more, our flag may not wave over the whole broad continent?’

‘There were Gi-yants in those days!’ - - - Some Boston editor recently mentioned the circumstance of a rich bachelor-merchant of that town of ‘solid men’ visiting the house of a customer in a small village of Maine, near the jumping-off-place of ‘Deöwn East.’ This friend had three daughters, two of whom, elaborately and fancifully dressed, and with a display of copied city airs, entertained him in the parlor, strummed for him on the piano, and ‘fetch’d’ indolent, dawdling walks with him along the country-side; until it became an unpleasant doubt in the mind of each of the two sisters, to which of the twain he must in the end make a tender of his ‘heart and hand.’ Meanwhile, he was taking close cognizance of the younger sister, a fresh, blooming girl of eighteen; remarking especially, how helpful she was in the family; up bright and early in the morning, assisting her mother in her domestic duties; putting every thing ‘to rights’ in the parlor, looking after her little brother and sister; always cheerful and lively when in the ‘keeping-room,’ to which she was quite as much an ornament as the handsomest and most ‘accomplished’ of her elder sisters. The sequel, we are told, was short: *she* was chosen by the bachelor merchant, and is now one of the best wives in a city renowned for good ones.

That personal knowledge, that practical supervision, which enables her to know *how* all domestic duties should be performed, in no wise detracts from the admiration and praise which her simple but graceful bearing in her husband's splendid drawing-rooms elicits from his and her visitors and friends. When household cares draw her thence, her husband knows that she may be found presiding over some important branch of his establishment: for an hour, perhaps, installed in the kitchen — as the French term it, 'the stomach of the mansion' — where she

——— 'MOULDS the pie:  
Melts into sauces rich the savory ham,  
From the crushed berry strains the lucid jam:  
Bids brandied cherries by infusion slow  
Imbibe new flavor, and their own forego:'

and 'mixes in' with her kitchen-employées, in all the mysteries of the *art de cuisiner*. We like to see such newspaper-paragraphs now and then: their lesson is a good one — their 'mission' sound and healthy. This domestic *practicalness*, in a wife, however, unaccompanied by other necessary qualifications, may now and then be somewhat too highly estimated. We once heard, when a lad, a young farmer, in the interior of our State, give the following account of his wooing, in the presence of his wife, too: 'How d'you expect I courted KEZIAH fust? I'll tell you: I'd been hum with her once from Sunday-evenin' confrence-meetin', and once from spellin'-school, as fur as the chips: she was good-lookin', and I kind o' liked her from the very fust: I reckon she did *me*, too, but not to-once, I expect. But any how, one Saturday night, I was determined to go up and spark her. I'd got through the week's work, and slicked up, and felt just like it. When I got to her house, OLIVE, her little sister, said KEZIAH was in the kitchen, and she guessed 'she did n't want to see nobody.' I did n't keer for *that*: I went through the eatin'-room and opened the door into the kitchen; and I never see a handsomer sight in my life. The kitchen was as clean as a pin, and smelt as sweet as a nut. KEZIAH was stuffin' sassengers; and BILL JUDD, that I never *did* like, for he had a wonderful hankerin' after KEZIAH, was cuttin' up sassenge-meat in a big wooden bowl, with a choppin'-knife, and now and then wrinkl'n on the kivers onto the nozzle of the tin sassenger-machine. The old man was cuttin' off the fat from as pretty a side of pig-pork as I ever see, and the old 'oman was makin' mince-pies, at another table. KEZIAH kind o' blushed when I come in: but she talked pleasant, and *did n't stop her work*: I noticed *that*. I went in for a reg'lar talk with all of 'em — old man, old 'oman, KEZIAH, and BILL JUDD, who looked as sour as vinegar; and bimeby said he guessed he'd better be goin': I said *I* thought so tew: he skeöwled at me, and KEZIAH she laughed, she did, and said, 'Good night, Mr. JUDD, if you *must* go:' and the old man and old 'oman said, 'Good evenin', WILLIAM;' and he went eöut, slammin' the door behind him. Wal, I took his place at the sassenge-meat bowl, and handled the choppin'-knife, I guess, as smart as *he* did: as for putin' on sassenge-kivers, I never turned my back to *no* man. Bimeby the last link was broken from the stuffer; the old man had piled up his snow-white flakes of fat on a bright tin pan; and the old 'oman pinched into scollops the edge-crust of abeöut twenty mince-pies, and all was sot away on the clean white dresser; and then we all went eöut into the keepin'-room; the old folks went off to bed, and

KEZIAH and I sot up — *did n't* we, KEZIAH? I askt her if she 'd hev me, and she said she did n't know; that there wan't no hurry, any how; that I could wait, and see what I thought abeout it after a while, and all that. Then I know'd I'd get her — and I *did* get her: and there aint no better wife any wheres than what she is a good wife. She can *cook* any thing that can be fried, b'iled, or roasted, and can *make* any thing that can be cut with shears or sowed or knit with needles: and that's better than all your eddication, and 'accomplishments,' as they call 'em.' Now while KEZIAH is blushing over her first baby, at this warm praise from the lips of her simple-minded husband, let us drop a word in his ear: 'The *knowledge* of those commendable 'arts,' young father, are in no degree incompatible with your contemned 'education' and 'accomplishments:' and let us hope that your good wife will remember this, in bringing up her daughters, and that *you* will not forget or neglect it, in shaping the course of your boys.' 'There's wisdom for you,' if *we* are any judge! - - - The morning journals of to-day mention the death of a convict at the Auburn State's-prison, while undergoing the punishment of '*Showering*:' a terrible 'accident,' to use the mildest possible term. Still, we believe it to be the general opinion of all humane persons, that this mode of subduing refractory prisoners is better than the flagellations which formerly 'obtained' in our penal institutions. We have even heard it stated, by prison officials, that in the hot weather of summer, 'showering,' to the usual extent, is scarcely regarded by convicts as a punishment at all. Perhaps the best reply to this would be: 'Suppose you try it once *yourself*, without the ability to move hand, foot, or head, while your hot brain is being converted into ice, and the sharp thrill of a pain that seems a 'dissolving of the joints and the marrow,' permeates every fibre of the human 'harp of a thousand strings!'' The only wonder, to our mind, is that it should 'keep in tune so long' under the terrible infliction. But we are glad, as it is generally used, that it has superseded whipping. We once saw a convict whipped at the Auburn prison; and to the last moment of our life, we shall never forget it. It was the first time that we had ever seen a prison; and our little boy's heart was wonderfully impressed, when, through the damp February snow-storm which prevailed, we saw the gray walls of that most striking architectural edifice, wet and dismal, and blotched with watery sleet; the prison, lofty and wide, with its grated windows, frowning within; and 'Copper JOHN,' the grim sentinel, with his fat legs and obtrusive accoutrements — his musket must be fifteen feet long — keeping 'watch and ward' on the apex of the flying buttresses which support his stalwart frame. Once within, the features of the institution are much the same as those of any other prison, upon a similar plan, save that at that time, the surveillance over the different shops was maintained through loop-holes in narrow, covered alleys, which traversed their sides. The prisoners were kept upon their 'good behavior' through caution and fear, as not one of them knew *when* he might be observed. We were looking, through one of the loop-holes we have mentioned, at the long ward of shoe-makers — some hundred and fifty, it appeared to us — when one of our attendant keepers suddenly left us, and entered a door at the end of the alley which opened into the shop. He mounted a low platform at one side of the middle of the room, and beckoned with his fore-finger in the direction opposite to where we were standing. A prisoner, from the farther end of the

long shop, laid down his work, arose, left his bench and walked forward. Not another prisoner raised his eye from his hammering or stitching. The man stepped upon the platform, removed his striped roundabout and dingy woollen vest, while the keeper stepped down, with a big horse-whip in his hand, and 'bared his arm for vengeance.' He was angry, for his face was flushed and his eye vindictive. Our attendant here asked our party to 'move on,' as the prisoners were soon going out to dinner. But we were riveted to the spot, as if by a spell. The whip was raised: we heard the big-bellied lash whistle, and when it fell upon the back of the erect convict, he crouched to the floor, and writhed with the agony. Twelve lashes, slow and deliberate, and each one more relentlessly 'laid on,' bowed his stalwart, quivering frame, as before, and then, in silence as he came, with no one of his miserable companions in crime and suffering looking up, he resumed his habiliments of guilt, and walked back to his seat, and to his ceaseless labor. The wretched prison-fare and gloomy cells, which we were next shown, failed to cloud this painfully-vivid picture. We can see it *now*. - - - Most New-Yorkers will recall the old *Richmond-Hill Theatre*, at the corner of Varick and Charlton-streets. It was famous for its brilliant 'openings' and its short 'seasons,' the latter not unfrequently terminating on the first Saturday (after the Monday 'opening') with the 'Manager's Benefit-Night,' when Terragedy, Bel-lud-keyurdling Melo-drama, and overwhelming Comedy, 'ruled the hour'—or three or four hours, for that matter. A Gothamite friend, far away to the West, has revived certain reminiscences of all this, of which we are enabled to present only one or two brief but amusing incidents. At the close of one of the short 'seasons,' and on a 'benefit-night,' our correspondent enters the boxes, while the pit is calling upon the orchestra (two second-fiddles, and a trombone and flute *assoluto*) for 'The Soap-Boiler's Return,' 'We Met, 't was in a Cab,' etc., amidst much uproar:

'The prompter's bell at length rang, and the performance commenced: '*Scenes from Othello*:' the parts of OTHELLO and IAGO by two gentlemen who had 'kindly volunteered for that night only.' They were evidently rivals, who disregarded HAMLET's advice to the players, as they out-bellowed each other beyond all reason. The address to the senate was rendered with such violence, as to lead to the conclusion that that venerable body had carried off DESDEMONA by force, and that her injured spouse was challenging the whole party to fight him on the next vacant lot. OTHELLO, too, had a peculiar fashion of ending some names and words with *er*, such as, AMELI-ER, DESDEMON-ER, etc. But we all have our errors: he *erred* when he went on the stage, and while on it. The Senate, including the Duke, was represented by two stupid-looking boys in red curtains, trimmed with calico ermine. At the close of OTHELLO's speech, one of those gentlemen, the 'Duke,' accidentally went through a performance 'not mentioned in the bills.' In attempting to move his chair, which was elevated on an old packing-box, covered with carpet, the hind legs (of the chair—not the Duke) slipped over the box's edge, precipitating the representative of Venice heels-over-head against the back scene, which, having 'done the State some service,' yielded to the sudden pressure, and allowed his Highness to disappear, *à la Ravel*, chair and all, into the next apartment! The scene closed amid shouts of laughter, which was not much diminished in the succeeding one, by a gentleman, who enacted MICHAEL CASSIO in a Roman tunic and top-boots, getting violently drunk out of an empty decanter.'

The description of the vocal portion of the performance is so suggestive, that we reserve it for a few comments and reciprocal illustrations, when occasion shall serve. Meantime, let the curtain rise upon some of the scenes in the melo-drama, 'of intense and powerful interest.'

THE virtuous hero was enacted by a short, burly man, all lungs and boots, apparently created for no other purpose than to 'turn up' on all impossible occasions in defence of female innocence, which he successfully defended against overwhelming numbers. Indeed, so impressed were assailants by his prowess, that many fell mortally wounded long before his sword could reach them. Previous to each combat, the hero was called upon to 'yield, or die!'—but seeming never to be in a mood to do either, he invariably shouted, 'N-e-v-e-r-r-r!' The bills stated that in Act Two there would be 'a grand procession of 'knights,' 'nobles,' 'warriors,' monks,' etc.: a performance which was ably sustained by three men and a boy, who walked very slowly, and very far apart, across the stage, in such a manner as always to allow one of the performers time to run round and come in on the other side as somebody else. One actor, in his haste to keep up the illusion, hastily threw a monk's habit over a warrior's dress, forgetting to remove a tin helmet, which so exasperated the 'pit,' that it decidedly objected to any farther performance of the three men and small boy.'

'In the following scene, the villain of the piece, after a terrific combat, was killed by the virtuous hero, who ordered two attendants to bear off the corse and cast it down an imaginary cataract. The attendants, no doubt anxious to make the most of their parts, instead of bearing off the body direct, made a slow circuit of the stage, producing rather a novel effect. The body, on first being raised from its mother earth, was stiff as buckram; but evidently not counting on so long a journey, lost breath; and as it came in front of the foot-lights, suddenly relaxed into an angular position, scattering to fragments the foundation of a pair of thread-bare 'tights,' and emancipating the tail of an under-garment. At this the 'body' gave a vigorous plunge, upset the foremost attendant, and rushed madly off the stage, to the infinite amusement of the audience, myself included.' . . . 'This incident was only equalled by one which occurred toward the close of the drama. A 'Demon,' whose business it was to exit through a trap-door, but who, probably being a volunteer, and not acquainted with the stage localities, stood on the wrong side, tapped with his heel as a signal to be lowered to his fiery home. No response was given; but on the opposite side of the stage a 'trap' suddenly opened under the feet of a vacant-looking gentleman who was enacting the part of second-guard, tumbling him about in a most ludicrous manner. The demon, perceiving his mistake, rushed across, and in his efforts to anticipate the unfortunate 'supe,' both stuck in the trap, where they remained, in the glare of red-and-blue fires, 'spitting flame, and spluttering smoke,' till the curtain fell.'

How much is to be gained, 'toward the cause of morals,' or 'toward the instruction of society,' by such theatrical performances as *these*, perhaps it would puzzle the wisest among us to tell. - - - DOES N'T 'E. H. B.,' who writes us an entertaining and gossiping letter from far-away Minnesota, think—we are *talking* to the fair lady, with this page under her eye, what time the present number shall have reached her—does she not *really* think, 'upon reflection,' that she is quite too pleasantly situated, to trouble her engaged heart for a moment about becoming a contributor to the stores of verse awaiting insertion in the port-folios of literary purveyors to the sovereigns of our common uncle, SAMUEL? Listen to her for a

moment: 'It is a comfortable cloudy morning upon which I write: the prairie is dressed in a white brocade: the hay-stacks and thatched barns are masquerading under snowy masks: the black-birds and blue-jays are twittering and screaming, out in the groves. On the whole, WINTER seems to have mounted his throne. Within doors, we are quite as comfortable as one ought to expect, in a new country: We are not rich: we have a five-roomed house, in the cottage-fashion, with a bountiful and beautiful garden, and fine oaks around it: a row of good literature: a pile of magazines, and 'WEBSTER'S Unabridged,' are on the stand before me: two well-fed, happy canaries, in a profusely-ornamented and well-cleaned cage, are chirping and twittering above me: a pleasant fire hums in the fire-place: I am dressed in a very becoming delaine, with my feet encased in nice warm moccasins; feeling, on the whole, very good-natured and easy: and only 'want to know, you know:' 'Have you room for any more contributors?' For a *little* taste of our fair and 'comfortable' correspondent's quality we will for once make room. Step out and look up into the still evening heavens, through the streaming rays of star-light, and apostrophize with her the celestial 'Eyes,' the golden-fires 'that clip us round about:'

'O WONDROUS EYES! that in the halls of childhood  
Poured on my soul a flood of mystic light,  
That wakened memories of flowers and music,  
A warbling fountain and an eastern night:

'A limpid lake, where swung the moon reflected,  
The 'marble halls,' the gala masquerade;  
The quivering city in the hazy distance:  
O wondrous EYES!—all summoned by thine aid!

'Filling all my soul with wordless imagery,  
Wild vagaries, and music, ah! how sweet!  
Leading me captive, ever and forever,  
Through palaces where ne'er had trod my feet.

'O EYES of Glory! may ye shine forever,  
As shine ye on my o'er-wrought soul to-night:  
Warm as the lustre of a summer sun-set—  
Deep as the mid-night in its starry light!

'BYRON, the poet, got off a good thing, did n't he,' said one of our jocose companions outside of a certain South-lake 'shanty' up in 'JOHN BROWN'S Tract,' one glorious summer night, 'when he said that the stars were 'the poetry of Heaven?' Good *hit* that!' This mild sarcasm 'dried *us* up,' we remember: but the 'remark' was true, notwithstanding! - - - AFTER the perusal of the little subsection of 'Gossipry' in our last number, touching London, Saint PAUL's, etc., the reader, perhaps, will appreciate the pleasure which our friends, MESSRS. MASURY AND WHITTON, Number 111, Fulton-street, (of whom we have made recent mention 'in this connection,') imparted to us, by a Christmas-present of a few additional *Stereoscopic Views*—of which, 'more anon'—among them, *Saint Paul's, in London*, coming up Ludgate-street, Ludgate-Hill. An English friend at our side, (whose 'desk' was once side by side with that of CHARLES LAMB,) after examining it, said: 'It is not only *beautiful*, but it is *true*, in all its minutiae.' After looking at it affectionately two or three times, he added: 'When I was a boy, I had occasion, for many years, sometimes six or seven times a week, to go through Saint PAUL's Church-yard; and I scarcely remember ever to have passed the great



CATHEDRAL, without stopping to gaze with admiration, nay almost with reverence and awe, at the stupendous pile: there is such a solemn grandeur, such a majesty, such a noble 'keeping' in all its proportions, that the merely *passing* pedestrian's hurried step is arrested, and for a moment at least, a subdued feeling, a sense of littleness, takes possession of him, as he gazes up, and up, and up, at the vast structure. The northern thoroughfare (he continued) is usually so much crowded that it is scarcely possible to tarry a moment to take a view; but on the south-side, by leaning against a show-window, or standing within the entrance to some ware-house, you have a fine opportunity to drink your fill of admiration. The approach from the West, up Ludgate-Hill, is beyond description grand. This is *your* picture. The marble figure of St. PAUL preaching, which there looks so diminutive, is the most imposing piece of statuary of modern times. Millions have gazed upon it with admiration: and *you* must go there, and judge for yourself.' Touching the crowded thoroughfares of the great metropolis, our friend gave us some amusing illustrative incidents, which we have 'booked' for an ensuing number. They were too suggestive to pass without comment. - - - It ran through our mind to-day, while hastily scanning the daily prints, what misconceptions of countries and peoples are imbibed, through simple ignorance of the same. Let us travel 'from Indus to Japan,' for example, and pause at the latter 'human' post, and contemplate it for a moment. It turns out (it is 'patent' to remark) that this isolated, heathenish, 'close corporation' of a nation, is far different from what the world had supposed it to be. It has, it would appear, a city larger than London: the domestic and higher arts flourish there: 'law and order' prevail: tranquillity at home, and 'peace with all the world, and the rest of mankind,' predominates: and what is more, they have a good city-government at Jeddo, the capital, and the Japanese officials are honest and trustworthy. Agriculture flourishes, and Trade. Such, from all accounts, English, Dutch, and American, are some of the features of Japan, a country heretofore mostly known through lacquered 'waiters,' and other Japanned ware. This great country, hitherto so grossly misunderstood, is open to us now: but don't let us send any Yankee peddlers there with tin ware: don't let us 'stick' the Japanese with the 'stocks' of any of our repudiating States: don't let us try to negotiate any of our prospective western rail-road bonds in the Wall-street of Jeddo. The authorities and the people are kindly-disposed toward us now, and need only to be well treated, to remain so. And how superior they are to the Chinese, concerning whom we think we know so much more! British, American, and French Commissioners, fully empowered by their respective governments, have recently concluded treaties with them: but what do the 'Chinoises' care for the parchments? Not much. Within a week after the documents were signed, the Cantonese authorities, (represented by the 'Tremble-fearfully-hereat' Tribunal of the '*Sun-Kum*,') offered five hundred dollars for the head of any English private soldier or sailor, and five thousand for the head of an English officer! 'Good style' that, for the 'Central Flowery Kingdom,' just after signing a Treaty of Peace, and Concord, 'Trade and Barter!' It is well said by the *London News*, that the Chinese nation, as represented by its 'highfalutin' officials, is a 'mountain of blubber:' 'You may batter the great thing about, as you do a Dutch doll, but it will roll and wobble, and stand upright when you have done with it.' It

will not be thus with Japan. - - - 'SAID we not well,' in our last number, touching 'G. H. C.,' of Hartford, Connecticut? Let the lines which ensue, (like good wine, which needs no bush, nor yet the shaking thereof,) make answer. Long may the genial inditer be 'Bob'-ing around:

'B o b .

'DEAR ROBERT, we have been good friends  
From youth to lusty prime,  
And you have lent me sage advice,  
In prose, full many a time;  
Which small account I now propose  
To liquidate in rhyme.

'The women deem a single man  
A misanthropic thing,  
Who ought to tend a turnpike-gate,  
Without a chance to swing,  
And never hear a marriage-bell  
Till he the belle shall ring.

'The world is full of waiting girls,  
And you are in the wrong,  
When you prevent from eager lips  
The sweet hymeneal song,  
And hear instead the plaintive cry,  
"Why tarries he so long?"

'T is something more than monotone,  
That passion-breathing sob,  
And seems designed of pleasant dreams  
A bachelor to rob:  
So prithee take one to your arms,  
And make her happy, Bob.

'It even stirs our married nerves,  
To see the pouting girls  
Spreading their nets and crinolines,  
And letting down their curls,  
And radiating smiles enough  
To melt the iciest churls:

'To see the jaunty gaiter-boots  
Along the pathway trip,  
And where they clasp the silken hose  
A tantalizing slip  
Of broidery, that provokes the sight  
At every dainty dip.

'Much more should it distract the man  
Who only dreams of bliss,

Nor knows the thrill that permeates  
A matrimonial kiss,  
Which one may freely give, and take,  
Yet never give a miss.

'We know that your accomplishments  
Are not so very rare,  
And that you cannot even play  
Nor sing, 'Begone, dull care;'  
Yet with a wife you'd duet soon,  
And improvise an heir.

'Moreover, you must need a wife  
To see to shirts and things,  
And keep you from the pokerish path  
That's full of traps and springs,  
As well as to protect your cash  
From its proverbial wings.

'A man may have a noble head,  
A tongue that hates a fib;  
A form to please PRAXITELES,  
And money-bags *ad lib.*:  
But what's the use of all these gifts,  
If he's without a rib?

'Do n't flout me with the fox who wished  
His friends to share his pain;  
That this is not a case in point,  
Is most intensely plain:  
He lost his ornamental half,  
Which I would have you gain.

'Now here is brave advice, my boy,  
Which you will take, of course;  
And if within a twelvemonth's time  
You do n't admit its force,  
Why, any Indiana Judge  
Will grant you a divorce.

'And if my arguments should fail  
To have convincing weight,  
The succedaneum at the close  
May prove a tempting bait;  
For with this legal safety-valve  
A man may laugh at Fate.'

The compliments of the season to 'Bob.' - - - We are pained to hear, so long a time after its occurrence, of the death of WILLIAM DODGE, Esq., of this city, who died on the twenty-eighth of October last. We knew him well, as a man most exemplary in all the relations of private and public life. At one period, he wrote several excellent articles for the KNICKERBOCKER. The subjoined paragraph does no more than simple justice to the character of the lamented deceased:

'Mr. DODGE was a graduate of Columbia College; and after having passed through the usual course of legal studies, he brought a well-stored mind to the practice of the law, in which profession he always held a high rank, being up to the time of his death, Counsellor for several of our Banks and Insurance Companies. As a political economist he has been

well known; and his various articles on the differences existing between the Constitution of the United States and those of the separate States, are imbued with his usual clearness. He was for a few years a member of the New-York Common Council, and more recently represented his native city in the Legislature of the State, where his efficient aid in preparing and advocating several acts, important to the jurisprudence of the State, will long be remembered. In his military career he was equally successful; and as Colonel of the regiment known as '*The Governors' Guard*,' he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his command. In the public institutions of our city he held a prominent position: for his highly-philanthropic disposition, aided by an unusually well-directed knowledge of mankind, rendered him deservedly popular. He seemed to feel that the highest duty of man was to benefit his species; and while he modestly retired from the receipt of what seemed to him undue praise, he was not the less active in the performance of what he felt to be his duty as a man. In his private associations he stood as an example to his kind; in his family he was most sincerely beloved; a large circle of friends held him in the highest esteem, while the popular feeling, ever favorable to his advancement, would have retained him in public life, and frequently solicited him to serve the public in Congress and elsewhere, but his duties at home prevented his accepting their proffered compliments. His addresses delivered for the benefit of various charitable institutions have been fully appreciated, and have received the highest praise.'

Mr. DODGE married the eldest daughter of Professor JAMES J. MAPES, a young lady of rare personal and intellectual attractions, who is left, with her little ones, almost inconsolable at his loss. - - - We shall be obliged to antedate the '*Advice to Farmers*,' and the '*State of Crops and Spring-Work at Cedar-Hill*,' which American agriculturists have come to expect from the KNICKERBOCKER, by reason of our advanced time of publication. Now, 'Stack your Lima-bean poles; sow your winter wild-oats; stow your cabbage-heads; prepare your bins for 'Signifiders,' 'Pearmains,' 'Speckled Russets,' etc., might be so untimely, as to prove literally 'advice thrown away.' Of one thing we *can* appropriately and reasonably speak: and that is, FUELS. We purchased to day, at Cedar-Hill cottage, from a small tin Christmas express-wagon, of two small drivers, five small loads of 'splitted hickory,' for one sixpence per load, 'York currency, and one load of small coals, for a like amount. One little boy (white) is wiping winter from the nose of another little boy, (black) while the colored friend, whom he is assisting, is auditing the proceeds of the sale on his brown-black fingers, on the piazza, in front of the sanctum-windows. Such are the fuel-prices which 'rule' *here*: for the wood and coals are 'delivered,' and stand ready for many a morning's kindlings, 'at call,' and 'on time.' Nothing like keeping 'trade' in the family! - - - We see it announced, and previously knew it to be true, that one of the most beautiful and interesting volumes recently issued from the press of our friends, MESSRS. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, of Boston, '*The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney*,' was written by Mrs. SARAH M. DAVIS, wife of THOMAS T. DAVIS, Esq., of Syracuse, in this State. She has reflected honor upon herself, not only in her noble appreciation of the great and brilliant qualities of her illustrious subject, but in the variety and extent of her research, and the simplicity and elegance of her style. She can truly claim to have faithfully collected the scattered souvenirs of SIDNEY's life; to have verified every recorded fact, and excluded every fiction, however plausible, which, while gilding the story with false attractions, would mar the higher beauty that belongs to truth. Two fine engravings on steel, the one an authentic portrait of the illustrious SIDNEY, the other of Penshurst, his famous residence, together with

fine printing by types of a handsome face, upon smooth tinted paper, conclude the attractions of this beautiful book. Like its subject, it is a MODEL in its kind. It permits no regret at the superiority of English typography. - - - PROFANE swearing is a vice which has not even the poor excuse of 'sensual indulgence' to palliate it. It gratifies no taste, satisfies no desire, supplies *no* present or after gratification. Aside from its infraction of a divine law, it is as foolish as it is vulgar. It is very amusing, however, we have often remarked, to see how 'some people' try to evade it, by swearing as it were *in petto*. In the late extraordinary divorce-trial at New-Haven, it was alleged by the lady-plaintiff that the defendant had thrown violently at her, at one time, the '*Book of Connecticut*,' and at another, the '*History of Connecticut*. Now if swearing were *ever* justifiable, here was abundant palliation: the resistless propulsion of two such heavy bodies at an 'unprotected female:' but MRS. BENNETT only denounced her husband's 'darned pills,' and affirmed that 'the DOCTOR was worse than the DEVIL.' Under the signal provocation, we think this evasion of actual swearing highly creditable to the moral *status* of the plaintiff. Once, when with 'Dame KNICK,' we made a memorable trip to the Upper Lakes, it so chanced that we were detained at the charming town of Canandaigua, waiting for the train. A flaunting circus near by, whence came the sound of music, and more musical laughter, beckoned us to its canvas portal, and we went in: and here we heard a really discreditable and disingenuous evasion of the vice of which we have been speaking, on the part of Mr. MERRYMAN, the spotted clown. 'What's that you say, Sir?' said the ring-master, bringing his long whip-lash, with a detonating 'crack!' around the mime's legs: 'do you *swear* at me, Sir?' 'I didn't swear: I only said 'dam': it is n't swearing to say 'dam,' is it? — *mill-dam*?' 'No, Sir — *that* is not swearing.' 'Well,' retorted the clown, with a bubbling-up chuckle, quite unforgettable, 'that's what *I said*; and you're a mill-dam fool for making such a fuss about nothing!' A roar went up from that crowded amphitheatre of laughers, which waved the 'taut'-stretched and pegged-down canvas, and shook the tall centre-poles of the tent, 'as if a storm passed by.' The clown was considered as 'having the argument:' so that one need not write 'Amsterd — m,' or 'Rotterd — m,' or call a mill-d — m a 'profane improvement,' to avoid being called a 'swearer.' - - - AMONG the new things in DEMPSTER'S musical *repertoire* is a composition for LONGFELLOW'S '*Catawba Wine*.' DWIGHT'S Boston '*Journal of Music*,' high authority, pronounces it 'as beautiful and musical as imaginative fancy can conceive of: not even a 'Brindisi' from VERDI'S pen, imbued with all the dazzling brilliancy of this master's genius, can vie with the irresistible strain of this 'Catawba-Wine Song.' It has proved a great success, delighting all who have heard it. The exquisite pathos of his music has also been wedded to '*Children*,' from the pen of the same popular poet. In truth, the spirit of beautiful and touching musical composition seems to have been newly 'poured out' upon our friend: for in addition to the foregoing, he has recently produced TENNYSON'S

'BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold, gray stones, O SEA!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!'

Mrs. S. C. HALL's charming song of 'Eveleen Lamore,' 'Go not, Happy,' from 'MAUD,' and 'Swallow, Swallow, flying South,' from the 'Princess.' It will be a treat rich and rare, to hear DEMPSTER sing all these new and dissimilar compositions, with selections from the best of his old ones. - - - THANKS heartfelt, for this exquisite gem:

Columbus Dying.

'PERMIT me to send you the translation of some German verses found the other day in an odd volume. They are full to the overflow with poetry. To enjoy it, one must transport himself to a dilapidated chamber in an humble house in Valladolid. There an old man broken with the storms of fate is dying. His mind for a short moment wanders among the past scenes of his eventful life. The verdure of fair San Salvador, with 'its silver flashing surges,' the sparkling sands of Hispaniola, and the living green of beautiful Colba, flit like a panorama before his enchanted vision. The vision is but for a moment. The mind of the old navigator rallies. He feels that time with him will soon be no longer. He is about to spread the sail that is to waft him to those shores which only the eye of faith can behold looming up over that trackless ocean of eternity. His first earthly voyage from the little port of Palos had been consecrated by the sublime ceremonies of religion: and so now, upon the commencement of his last great voyage, with holy composure he receives from priestly hands the sacrament of the Romish Church, in whose faith he had so serenely lived, and was most willing to die. It is at this moment the poet has conceived the holy man, addressing him in the following exquisite lines:

'Soon with thee will all be over,  
Soon the voyage will be begun,  
That shall bear thee to discover,  
Far away, a Land unknown.

'Land that each alone must visit,  
But no tidings bring to men:  
For no sailor, once departed,  
Ever hath returned again!

'No drift-wood or clustering berries  
Ever came from that far wild;  
No carved staff or broken branch,  
Nor the corpse of an angel child.

'All is mystery before thee:  
But in peace and love and faith,  
And with Hope attended, sails't thou  
Off upon the Ship of Death.

'Undismayed, my noble sailor,  
Spread, then, spread thy canvas out!  
Spirit! on a sea of ether  
Soon shalt thou serenely float.

'When the sea no plummet soundeth,  
Fear no hidden breakers there;  
While the fanning wings of angels  
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

'Quit now full of heart and comfort  
These Azores—they are of Earth:  
Where the rosy clouds are parting,  
There 'The Blessed Isles' loom forth.

'See'st thou now thy San Salvador?  
Him thy SAVIOUR thou shalt hail,  
Where no storms of earth shall reach thee,  
Where no more thy hopes shall fail.'

In what admirable 'keeping' is all this imagery! - - - 'In the spring of 1857,' (our authority is explicit,) 'an exciting municipal election was held in Princeton, (Ind.) The all-absorbing compound-question to be answered by the electors, was: 'Whiskey?—or no Whiskey?' Owing to the fact that sundry grog-shops had been mobbed and their contents destroyed, by the fair Amazons of the village, during the preceding fall and winter, a vast quantity of bad blood had been engendered, and the election was bitterly contested. Conspicuous among the champions of 'Free Lager,' was a Dutchman by the name of DASCHE. DASCHE, 'mit his vrow,' had his 'local habitation' beyond the corporate limits of the village aforesaid; and, by consequence, had no right to vote in Princeton. But DASCHE had not the remotest idea of limiting his exertions to the field of 'moral suasion,'

and he therefore voted a plumper for 'Free Whiskey' in all its phases. DASCHE was tried for the offence in the Court of Common Pleas of Gibson County, Judge P — presiding, and found guilty. DASCHE was enraged; and gave vent to his feelings in language wherein it was hard to say whether bad English or broken Dutch preponderated. The Court ordered him to be silent: the only reply was a volley of fragmentary polyglot anathemas. His Honor again rebuked him, and threatened imprisonment, unless he held his peace. DASCHE rose, and asked meekly: 'Judge, can't a man *dink* vat he bleases?' 'Certainly,' replied the Court: 'you may *think* whatever you like.' 'Den,' replied Dashe, a smile of triumph flashing across his Teutonic features as he glanced at judge and jury, '*I dinks you ish all a set of invernall schoundrels!*' 'Time' was suddenly 'called on him,' but his speech was finished.' - - - WE are afraid that MRS. DOUGLAS, the personally-gifted and intellectually-accomplished lady of Senator DOUGLAS, of Illinois, has unconsciously been the cause of a prospective attack by the British press upon the 'institutions' of our country. 'My husband,' she has said — and the journals containing the assertion, strongly fortified as to its authenticity, have gone abroad to 'foreign courts' — 'my husband must have some clothes: he has come out of the battle half naked. I obtained for him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of bosom-studs: but he lost all his shirts but two, (and one of those do n't belong to him,) and all the *studs* but four, which belong to four different sets.' 'Such,' we shall hear from the London '*Times*,' in due season, 'such, upon undoubted authority, is the state in which one of the most distinguished of American senators, and now a man of preëminent mark in the nation, emerges from a political canvas: and yet this is the sort of *suffrage* which Mr. JOHN BRIGHT would fasten upon the English Constitution! Can any English reader fail to note the *bearings* of this seemingly trivial fact?' - - - SOMEBODY has again started, on a tour of the press in the United States, as 'from a London paper,' a laughable Italian-English hand-bill, describing a new hotel at Pompeii, Herculaneum. This droll *affiche* was copied, when it was first put up in Italy, by an American friend, and sent to us for the KNICKERBOCKER, in which it was first published, years ago. 'It's of no consequence,' however: and we only mention the circumstance here, because we are reminded of it, by certain *Portuguese-English* contained in the preface to the 'second revised edition' of a recently-published rudimental work, designed to aid in the foreign acquisition of our noble mother-tongue. Among other equally pellucid and flowing sentences, we find the following in the 'Introduction' by the translator and editor: 'The works which we were conferring for this labor, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted with the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest those works fill of imperfections, etc. We expect then, *who* the little book, (for the care *what* we wrote him, and for *her* typographical correction,) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate *him* particularly.' No man, unless he were 'stubbeder' than *we* are, should ever dedicate such a book as this 'at' *us*, more than once, whether it was a he-book, or not! - - - Most readers will remember what an amusing blunder was committed by the *British Review*, in



reply to the subjoined lines from the first canto of DON JUAN. After stating that he 'expected the public approbation;' that he had taken measures to have his 'epical pretensions' to the laurel acknowledged and defended, the poet adds:

'For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish,  
I've bribed my grandmother's review — *'The British.'*

'I sent it in a letter to the Editor,  
Who thanked me duly by return of post:  
I'm for a handsome article his creditor:  
Yet if my gentle Muse he please to roast,  
And break a promise after having made it her,  
Denying the receipt of what it cost,  
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,  
All I can say, is — that *he had the money!*'

In the very next number of '*The British Review*,' the solemn owl who presided over its pages, came out with a special '*Note*' addressed to its readers, stating that 'the charge made by Lord BYRON against that journal, of having accepted a bribe in advance, for its favorable opinion, was entirely unfounded! If any money had been sent, none certainly had been received; nor was that Quarterly to be regarded as in any degree open to such or similar propositions!' BYRON was by no means an obstreperous laughter: but it is stated by one of his contemporaries, if not by one of his numerous piece-meal biographers, who carried to his Italian 'quarters' the number of the Review in question, that when he had perused the above '*Note*,' he 'burst into a horse-laugh, like the neighing of all TATTERSALL'S.' And 'small blame to him,' considering the provocation. But let us cite a kindred, although comparatively a recent case, of — 'not to put *too* fine a point upon it' — mistaken impressions. Think of a man like the German NIEBUHR, who has obtained a world-wide reputation by his historical researches, and by his alleged skill in separating the true from the fabulous, and in 'filling up chasms in national annals by a process near akin to that by which CUVIER inferred the entire form and structure of an extinct species from a bone;' think of *such* a man, writing as follows upon CANNING, one among the foremost of England's departed statesmen: 'He had talents, but he was *not* a statesman. He was a joker of jokes, which were often in bad taste. He was a sort of political Cossack. He published the most shameful pasquinade which was ever written against Germany, under the title of '*Matilda Pottingen*.' Gottingen is described in it as the sink of all infamy: its professors and students as a gang of miscreants: licentiousness, incest, and atheism, as the character of the German people!' Now just see how NIEBUHR was 'taken in,' through his inability to 'take a joke,' or to appreciate a bit of harmless humor:

'BARBS! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew,  
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!  
Ye bore MATILDA from my view;  
Forlorn I languished at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen:

'This faded form! this pallid hue!  
This blood my veins is clotting in,  
My years are many — they were few  
When first I entered at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen:

'There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet! sweet MATILDA POTTINGEN!  
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
-tor, law professor at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen:

'Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in!  
Here doomed to starve on water-gru-  
-el, never shall I see the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen!'

It is almost inconceivable that an historian of NIEBUHR's fame should have con-

sidered it incumbent upon himself, years after the appearance of this political squib, to defend the 'character of the German people' against such jocose raillery! Why, even CANNING'S contemporaries, many of whom were visited with his 'swashing blows,' took little or no public notice of them; and hence they were soon 'forgotten out of mind.' If the distinguished commoner, afterward ennobled, who was far from meriting the satire contained in a parody from MOORE, had in *his* time adopted the German historian's later course, he would have been laughed at by his friends, and 'roasted' by his opponents. Two verses will be sufficient to show that the imitation was very close:

'BELIEVE me, if all those ridiculous airs,  
Which you practise so pretty to-day,  
Should vanish by age, and your well-twisted hairs,  
Like my own, be both scanty and gray:

'Thou wouldst still be a goose, as a goose thou hast been,  
Though a fop and a fribble no more,  
And the world that has laughed at the fool of eighteen,  
Would laugh at the fool of three-score.'

'*Vive la Bagatelle!*' would have been the appropriate response to such harmless although wonderfully 'telling' pasquinades. - - - 'I CANNOT but believe,' writes a fair and flattering correspondent, from Augusta, (N. Y.), 'that the most charming specialty of that genial, purplish-covered Magazine over which you preside is that cozy table, around which the 'wee ones' flock with witching child-traits and lovable wisdom. Is not the best history of children to be found in the old files of the KNICKERBOCKER? But what has *become* of the little 'pets, dear Mr. CLARK? Surely the outstretched hand which welcomed them, has not become withdrawn? No: it is not *that*. Have they all 'grown up' and become wise?— young ladies and gentlemen, with 'lives unfit to chronicle' in the dear old history of childhood?' To which appeal we have only to answer: 'By no means, dear Madam; only this: that when there is a great deal of company, the 'Wee Folk,' as the Scotch song goes, must 'bide *awee*.' They shall be served at our next repast, with no sham companions to un-children them. - - - A NEW-HAVEN friend, who 'believes there is a fruitful lesson of warning' in these '*Like Father, Like Son,*' *Anecdotes*, sends us a second, concerning the same 'Judge B —', who was mentioned in our December number, and his imitative boy: 'Your *other* Elm City correspondent has given you an item of our '*Brother B —, and his Son Sam.*' Many racy stories touching the hopeful twain might be given: as for instance: In the Judge's office was always kept, for private entertainment and solace, a demijohn of 'good Old Jamaica.' His Honor noticed that every Monday morning it was a lighter, a more *abstracted* 'John,' than when he left it on Saturday night. SAM also was missing from his usual seat in the orthodox paternal pew. One Sunday afternoon SAM came in about five o'clock, and (rather heavily) went up-stairs. The JUDGE called after him: 'SAM, where have you been?' 'To church, Sir.' '*What* church, SAM?' 'The Second Meth., Sir.' 'Have a good Sermon, SAM?' 'Very powerful, Sir: it quite staggered me, Sir.' 'Ah! I see,' said the Judge: '*quite* powerful, eh! SAM!' The next Sunday the son came home rather earlier than usual, and apparently not so much 'under the weather.' His father hailed him: 'Well, SAM, been to the 'Second Meth.' again to-day?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Good sermon, my

boy?' 'Fact was, father, I could n't get in: church shut up, and a ticket on the door.' 'Sorry, SAM: *keep* going: you may get good by it yet.' SAM says, on going to the office for his usual spirit-ual refreshment, he found the 'JOHN' empty, and bearing this label: 'There will be no service here to-day, this church being closed for repairs!' SAM departed, 'a sadder and a wiser,' but (with his bibulous proclivities) not a 'better man.' - - - Is '*The Rose-Bush*,' from the German, by UHLAND? It is like him, for it has all his tenderness, and much of his delicate fancy and execution:

A CHILD sleeps under the rose-bush fair,  
The buds swell out in the soft May air;  
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wing flies,  
To play with the angels of Paradise.  
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,  
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;  
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,  
With love's first wonderful rapture blest,  
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,  
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;  
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,  
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes,  
And the years glide by.

Naked and alone stands the rose-bush fair,  
Whirled are the leaves in the Autumn air;  
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,  
And silently cover a new-made mound,  
And the years glide by.

Weary TIME pauses for a moment, and looks back on the grave of the year, as we read, and feel, and print these lines. Sure we are, that at this season they will be read and felt by others. - - - WE have been bringing up *Our Medical Studies* this damp, penetrating, permeating, 'sploshy' December evening, by the perusal of several successive, but until now neglected, numbers of our favorite authority, the '*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*.' In one issue, we were deeply interested by a report of '*Six Cases of Successful Operation in One Family on Children Born Blind*:' with such entire effect, indeed, that 'the children have now perfect vision, with the simple aid of the ordinary cataract-glasses, and will be able to follow any occupation which they may prefer.' Surely *there* must be a 'happy family.' The case of *Hæmorrhage*, which succeeds, doubtless excited less interest in the minds of the 'Journal's general readers. At any rate, *we* call for the EYES and NOSE, which are completed in an ensuing article, detailing an '*Operation for the Formation of a New Nose*,' a rhinoplastic feast, which proved entirely successful; the 'appearance of the new organ being all that could be desired' by the operator, and securing the great delectation of the wearer, who says:

——— 'No one knows  
The titillating life that flows,  
Which *my* nose knows:'

and he might add, since the new proboscis 'is of the form known as the hooked, or WELLINGTON nose,' that he

——— 'FEELS the joy  
A *Roman* knows.'

A suit for damages, for using '*Sulphuric Ether*,' instituted by Dr. W. T. G. MORTON, (for whom 'palpable sympathy' had been cormorantly sought, as one who had '*given* this precious boon of *Anæsthesia*, to be as free as Heaven's own sunshine') forms the subject of another article, brief but pungent. The writer intimates that offending 'parties,' conglomerate medical and surgical 'institutions,' and private practitioners, will most likely be 'let off, in consideration of a certain *quo* for a certain *quid*.' 'Expect not,' unless the 'parties' aforesaid are slightly verdant:

for if HON. TRUMAN SMITH's recent booklet, so seemingly impregnable in its positions, be veritable, Dr. MORTON's claim won't yield him the 'Solace' of one of LILLIENTHAL's smallest 'fine-cut chewing' papers. Another treatise upon '*Fractures of the External and Internal Epicondyles*,' 'reads good;' but we can only commend it to the popular eye and ear. - - - WE sincerely trust, that no mere sentimentalist, pumping up a theme-elaboration 'for the occasion,' will try to 'improve' this exquisitely pathetic picture, by a Western Methodist minister, descriptive of the death, in New-Orleans, of a young man from Maine, not many weeks since: 'He was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relative to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own 'dear kindred blood' can feel or manifest. He died among strangers, and was buried by them. When the funeral-service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady who stood by stopped them, and said: '*Let me kiss him for his mother.* Who can gild that 'refined gold'? - - - SPEAKING of '*Shamus O'Brien's Hanging*,' copied in our last number, a friend, in a letter which *deserves* publication, but which is too long for our purpose, among other comments, has the following: 'Many an 'Irish-American' will thank you for presenting that stirring and most *picturesque* narrative-ballad. No one can fail to notice with what skill almost every line of its description is made to represent an individual picture, whether of scene or of individual aspect and exploit. Can you tell me *who wrote it*? And farther — if you will pardon the liberty — can you, or any of your correspondents, inform me from whose Irish pen proceeded, several years ago, a most solemn, pathetic, and wonderfully-descriptive poem, called '*Abbey Easarooé*?' — and what is of more consequence to me, where can I obtain a copy of it? My memory of *thoughts* is not amiss; but in recalling *words*, it often fails me. I think, however, that I can answer for the correctness of this opening verse:

'GRAY, gray is the Abbey Easarooé, by Ballyshannon town;  
It has neither door nor window — the walls are broken down;  
The carven stones lie scattered in brier and nettle-bed;  
The only feet are those that come at burial of the dead.  
A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,  
Singing a song of ancient days — in sorrow, not in pride:  
The boor-tree and the lightsome ash across the portal grow,  
And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Easarooé.'

What says our old friend 'J. C. M.,' of 'Out West,' to the solicitation of our correspondent? 'Old KNICK' desires to 'join in the same request,' and extends the invitation to a large constituency. - - - 'ONE more unfortunate, gone to her death,' we think will hereafter less frequently be written, of the sinning and suffering members of the hapless class toward whom Dr. WILLIAM W. SANGER has lifted and pointed a warning finger, in his '*History of Prostitution*.' He has recorded its extent, causes, and *effects* throughout the world: and of the last, how terrible is the catalogue! It is *these* which must make the depraved in thought and deed pause in their downward course. Think of *this* authentic statement: the aggregate life of these poor creatures, when once fully started upon their career of sin, is scarcely more than four years! It requires only that brief space of wild revelry, champagne-ing and carousing — of drink, degradation and disease — to reduce a beautiful girl of eighteen into a loathsome corpse, flung out to the corruption

of a 'Potter's Field.' Facts such as these, and other and kindred expositions, cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence, if not upon the villainous TEMPTERS, at least upon the fearing and trembling TEMPTED. 'Every real philanthropist,' says the '*Christian Intelligencer*,' the staid organ of the Reformed Dutch Church, 'ought to study the sad, suggestive, and solemn pages of Dr. SANGER's book.' Late the other afternoon, hurrying at night-fall for the last boat to the 'Cottage,' in a soft, warm, *clean* snow-storm, we thought of these lines, and wished that we knew who wrote them:

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Filling the sky and the earth below;  
Over the house-tops, over the street,  
Over the heads of the people you meet;  
Dancing,

Flirting,  
Skimming along,  
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.  
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;  
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,  
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,  
Pure as an angel, and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!  
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!  
Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,  
Laughing,  
Hurrying by,  
It lights up the face, and it sparkles the eye;  
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
Snap at the crystals that eddy around:  
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,  
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,  
Hailing each other with humor and song!  
How the gay sledges, like meteors flash by,  
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye:

Ringling,  
Swinging,  
Dashing they go  
Over the crust of the beautiful snow:  
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing  
by:  
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands  
of feet,  
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible  
street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell:  
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from Heaven—to  
hell:

Fell, to be trampled as filth of the street:  
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.

Pleading,  
Cursing,  
Dreading to die,  
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?  
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its  
glow:  
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—  
Flattered and sought for the charm of my  
face.

Father,  
Mother,  
Sister, all,  
God, and myself I have lost by my fall.  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too  
nigh:  
For of all that is on or about me, I know  
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful  
snow.

*How strange it should be that this beautiful  
snow  
Should fall on a sinner with no where to go!  
How strange it would be, when the night comes  
again,  
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate  
brain!*

Fainting,  
Freezing,  
Dying alone!  
*Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan  
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,  
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming  
down;  
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!*

Is n't this a sad, sad picture? - - - AMONG certain original '*Aphorisms*,' in the *Evening Post* daily journal, we find the following: 'A publishing house advertises in the *Post*, '*Parsons on Promissory Notes*.' There are few parsons whose notes, not to speak of their endorsements, are of much account in Wall-street.' This reminds us of a remark once made by the late JOHN SANDERSON, the witty author of '*The American in Paris*,' touching certain unnegotiable clerical 'paper' which he held: 'They will take the minister's *word*, unquestioned, every Sunday, for the eternal future, but won't take his *note*, with only ninety days to run!' 'Come

to look at it,' this *does* seem hard, does n't it? - - - As we never played a card in our life, and do not know one game from another, the following, from a Philadelphia correspondent, is quite lost upon us: other readers, however, may be more fortunate: 'During the last presidential campaign, Governor FLOYD, of Virginia, was addressing a mass-meeting of the 'Unterrified' in Independence Square, Philadelphia: and speaking of the undoubted success of the Democratic party, he said: 'The State of Virginia will give you twenty thousand majority: now, what will *you* do?' A voice in the crowd: 'Why, see your twenty, and go fifteen better.' Any body who is familiar with the game, where 'four aces' takes the pile,' will appreciate this.' We are n't. - - - We should have been happy to be present at the recent *Eisteddfod* at Llangollen, in Wales, to which we had a ticket. There were some superb pictures, we are glad to know, in the collection. Perhaps the '*Death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd*' and the '*Hunting of the Turch Treoyth from the Mabinogion*,' elicited the most fervent admiration. JONES, of Merther Tyddfil, really excelled himself. His '*Bard*' was a fine specimen of the *apwoddffydd*, as it is termed in Wales. '*Estatfodd Glyndwr*' was also most lovelily 'handled.' A distinguished Connecticut artist has received a commission from the '*Eisteddfod*' to paint a scene from the touching story of the man who was 'killed in Hartford by a tree:' the *point d'appui* has been seized at the following verse:

'HE cut the tree off from a stump,  
The tree being dry, threw'd back a chunk:  
The chunk, it struck him on his head,  
And squashed him, yet he was not dead!'

The *Upryngfil*, or expression of the principal figure, has seldom been exceeded, even by the eminent artist himself! - - - In passing down, to pass out, of Mr. GRAY's 'sounding and multitudinous' printing-office, the other day, we had occasion to stop in at one of his many press-rooms, to look at a revised 'form' of the KNICKERBOCKER, just beginning to pass through the press. No matter about *that*: what we desire to speak of, is this: We saw, in that room, in process of execution, the finest specimens of wood-cut printing that we ever beheld in the world — English, French, German — *all*. Mr. J. L. JACKSON's Grate-pieces, screens, etc., admirably drawn, and most carefully and clearly engraved, were being thrown off upon polished white paper; and so far as *execution* goes, our friends, RAWDON, HATCH AND EDSON could not excel it in their bank-notes, for clearness, delicacy, and beauty.

#### Publisher's Notice.

OUR thousands of subscribers and readers, in all parts of the country, must have observed that the KNICKERBOCKER has been greatly improved during the last few months. From two to ten dollars per page are now paid for contributions: and although the names of the distinguished contributors are no longer given with the articles, the very best writers in the country are employed upon the work. The coming volumes will be unsurpassed in brilliancy of matter, and all that constitutes a first-class Magazine. During the last six months its circulation has increased several thousands; and before the completion of the Fifty-third Volume, we are determined that it shall be more than doubled. To this end, we ask each of our subscribers to send us an additional name, or what is better, three names for 1859, with six dollars accompanying. Should your neighbors wish to see a specimen-number of the KNICKERBOCKER, the January number (only) will be sent, on the receipt of ten cents in postage-stamps. Who will be the first to respond, and give us a 'Happy New-Year?'







H.W. Smith Sc.

Yours,  
James T. Fields.



